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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	3	REVIEWS (continued)—	
THE EMANCIPATION OF THE DOMINIONS	6	From Downing Street to Fleet Street	18
THE MYSTERY OF MR. BALDWIN	7	The Near East. By Arnold J. Toynbee	19
THE RUHR STRUGGLE CONTINUES.	8	"Deirdre." By Ethel Sidgwick	19
POPULATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT.	9	New Novels. By Forrest Reid	20
THE BEATING OF A DRUM.	11	Mandeville Redivivus. By H. J. Massingham	20
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.	12-14	REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES	22
POETRY:—		MUSIC:—	24
Darius. By C. P. Cavafy	14	A Morning in Venice. By Edward J. Dent	24
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—		ART:—	
The Man with the Nose. By Leonard Woolf	15	Modern French Paintings at the Leicester Galleries.	
REVIEWS:—		By Angus Davidson	26
Carlyle. By Augustine Birrell	16	FORTHCOMING MEETINGS	26
George Cadbury. By Herbert G. Wood	16	THE WEEK'S BOOKS	28
The Business of the Navy	17	FINANCE AND INVESTMENT. By H. D. H.	30

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

We publish this week a communication from a correspondent in the Ruhr, describing the situation which has succeeded the official abandonment of passive resistance. It has now become quite impossible to reconcile the drift of French policy with any other hypothesis than a deliberate attempt to detach the Ruhr and the Rhineland from Germany. It is true that M. Poincaré has more than once repudiated in public (and presumably in private to Mr. Baldwin) the suggestion that he entertains any annexationist aims; and it is also true that he is not essentially a mendacious man. But he has the type of mind which is quite capable of regarding this repudiation as consistent with an intention of using force to establish a separate, nominally independent State, "under the military guard," to quote the words of the notorious Dariac Report, "of France and Belgium." The course of events makes it clear that this must be not only his object, but his *main* object. If the desire for Reparations played even an important part in his psychology, his obvious course, now that the German Government has surrendered, would be to facilitate in every possible way the re-establishment of orderly conditions and regular production in the Ruhr. But he has clearly set himself to prolong and deepen the economic confusion, and to force on the Separatist movement in the Rhineland by every device at his command.

* * *

THE Stresemann Cabinet in Germany has tottered to its fall. The negotiations that continued by night as well as day through Tuesday and Wednesday seemed likely at one moment to save the Administration, but the gap between its Right and Left grew steadily greater, and finally it fell apart completely. President Ebert is understood to have invited the Chancellor to reconstruct, which he will no doubt endeavour to do in reliance on the Right. How far success in that enterprise can be attained is at the moment doubtful, but the prospects are that a Government can be formed. Whether, having been formed, it can govern is quite another matter. The final cause of rupture was the proposal to include among the emergency measures, for which powers were sought, the abrogation of the eight-hours day. On this the Socialists stood adamant, and the resignation of Dr. Hilferding and

his colleagues brought the Government down. The trouble obviously does not end there. If a Government of the Right is to succeed, the eight-hours day will go as a matter of course. That must mean open conflict with the trade unions, who have so far not figured in this particular struggle as much as the political side of the Labour movement. Altogether there is every prospect that before many days or even hours have passed constitutional government in Germany will have broken down completely. How and when, in that event, it will be restored cannot be easily predicted.

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For manifestly the break-up of the German Reich, as it survived the war, has now to be faced as an imminent contingency. Bavaria, of course, is the storm-centre, as it has always been. Von Kahr's dictatorship at Munich is hardly challenged by the presence of General Lessow, who nominally represents the authority of the Central Government. The return of Prince Rupprecht to a Bavarian throne is openly talked of, and a declaration of separation from Berlin may come at any moment. Meanwhile, though attempted risings nearer to the capital, notably at Kustrin, fifty miles distant, have been promptly suppressed, the Separatist movement is making substantial headway in the Rhineland, where the French are supplying not merely encouragement but instigation. The intervention of the Green Police at a Separatist demonstration at Düsseldorf on Sunday was stopped by French forces, who apparently stood by and watched two of them beaten to death by the demonstrators; and the semi-official French paper, the "Echo du Rhin," is explaining assiduously the benefits that will accrue to the populace when they have followed the lead of one or other of the rival agitators Dörten, Smeets, or Matthes, and broken loose completely from Berlin. The following passage from this journal is characteristic:

"It is not the business of the Rhineland High Commission to favour any one of the three Separatist parties of Smeets, Dörten, and Matthes, but as soon as the Commission is confronted with one single organization—representing the clearly expressed will of the population—having its leaders, and having formed *cadres* which declare, 'We have formed the Rhineland Republic,' help and protection will at once be accorded to it in the name of the great principle of self-determination."

GREECE having accepted, under protest, the award of the Ambassadors' Conference, and Italy having evacuated Corfu, there has been a general tendency to regard the whole deplorable incident as closed. There are many people, however, in this country at any rate, who are not prepared to let the matter drop without further explanation. Why has not the report of the Commission at Janina, upon which the Ambassadors' decision was technically based, been published? Why was Lord Crewe instructed to assent, against his will, to the award? Who was responsible for issuing that instruction? Mr. Baldwin was in France, Lord Robert Cecil was in Geneva: was any attempt made to consult them, or did Lord Curzon decide to throw justice to the wolves without giving his colleagues a chance of protesting? These are vital questions which it is essential to have answered. The Ambassadors' award, with its apparently cynical disregard of the merits of the dispute, cuts at the root of international morality, and the Governments which authorized it should be called to account by their own citizens.

* * *

THE Italian Notices to Mariners, to which we called attention in our last issue, continue to make interesting reading. The latest batch received were issued just before the Council of Ambassadors announced their findings with respect to the Janina inquiry, and contain a notice further restricting traffic at Taranto, establishing compulsory pilotage, and forbidding ships to enter the outer harbour after dark. It is evident that Taranto has either been heavily mined or heavily obstructed. The question naturally arises whether these extensive preparations at Taranto, Spezia, and elsewhere are related to the Græco-Italian crisis or to the question of Fiume. Though Jugo-Slavia has no navy, it is impossible to overlook the relations between France and the Little Entente. It will certainly be interesting to see whether the state of preparedness is maintained, now that the Corfu incident is closed. In any event, while it would be unwise to attach too much specific significance to these precautionary measures, the fact that they should have been authorized by the Italian Government throws some light on the methods and temper which characterize their conduct of diplomatic negotiations.

* * *

THE League of Nations Assembly ended a week ago more hopefully than it began. The Treaty of Mutual Guarantee, which, whatever its inherent merits and ultimate destiny, represents a solid piece of constructive work, was duly accepted and sent on to the individual Governments for their observations. The Opium Conferences, on which America sets such store, are fixed for July next. Czechoslovakia, which means its Foreign Minister, was elected to the Council, which will be materially strengthened thereby, though Dr. Benes will never hold the place he might hold in Europe if he declines to take position in the open and confines his efforts to the cabinet and the corridor. The Council, meanwhile, was at last enabled by the withdrawal of Little Entente opposition (the "atmosphere of Geneva" being responsible for the new tolerance of the three States) to instruct its Finance Commission to accept the invitation the Reparations Commission is likely to extend to it to frame a scheme for Hungarian reconstruction. Simultaneously, the final arrangements for the Greek Refugee scheme were carried through. A commission, with Mr. Henry Morgenthau as chairman, will supervise the work, under powers conferred by the Greek Government, which on its side makes over at least a million and a quarter acres of land and finds

security for the external loan by which the operation is to be financed. With its responsibilities in Greece and Hungary, and to some extent in Albania, to say nothing of Austria, where its reconstruction scheme is prospering beyond all reasonable expectations, the League is making the single practical contribution of any value to the rebuilding of Europe.

* * *

BUT the outstanding event of the closing period of the Assembly was the report received from the Council that, after two days of deadlock, all Council members, Signor Salandra included, had put on record their conviction that "any dispute likely to lead to a rupture falls within the field of action of the League." The acceptance of that formula—drafted and presented by Lord Robert Cecil—by the Italian representative, goes far towards retrieving the situation. No one but Italy ever questioned the League's full competence, and now Italy has publicly declared she does not question it after all. If that means, as it seems just to assume, that Signor Mussolini has discovered that he was running his head against a stone wall and not a pasteboard one, the ultimate result may be actual gain to the League. There appears to be general agreement that in the main Signor Salandra discharged his singularly difficult and thankless task with considerable credit, and in accepting the Cecil formula he must have deliberately run the risk of repudiation by his emotional Prime Minister. In debating the Council's announcement of its agreement, a succession of speakers reaffirmed their faith in the League and its unrestricted competence, certain of them, like Dr. Nansen and Professor Gilbert Murray, denouncing in uncompromising language the bombardment of Corfu and the scandal of the Ambassadors' award of the 50,000,000 lire to Italy. Opinions will long differ on whether the League has failed in courage. As things are, peace has been preserved. A different policy at Geneva might have meant a better settlement. It might, on the other hand, have meant open war.

* * *

IT is still impossible to estimate exactly the extent of Japan's misfortune. The latest estimates place the death-roll in Tokyo and Yokohama at about 100,000; the number of houses destroyed at 400,000, and the total material damage at £186,000,000. These figures are smaller than was feared at first; but they are bad enough, and they can hardly be regarded as final. At one time the total abandonment of Yokohama seems to have been contemplated; but the enormous natural advantages of the harbour forbade that course, the more so as no alternative site could be considered safe from future shocks. How far the docks and plant have suffered is uncertain; but it speaks volumes for the energy and resolution of the people that, despite the wholesale destruction of warehouses both at Yokohama and Tokyo, the first cargo of this season's silk was actually shipped on September 18th. Japan is fortunate in having at the head of the Board of Reconstruction the Home Minister, Baron Goto, who has a fine record in matters of sanitation and town-planning, notably as director of the disinfection work after the Sino-Japanese war, and as late Mayor of Tokyo. It is unofficially reported that the Japanese Government hopes to raise loans of £100,000,000 in the United States and £50,000,000 in Great Britain. If so, the money should readily be forthcoming; for not only have the misfortunes of Japan aroused the sympathy of the world, but they have been met in a manner that commands its confidence, as was fairly indicated in the telegram sent on October 1st by the Imperial Conference.

MR. BALDWIN's opening address to the Imperial Conference, on October 1st, was devoted largely to a review of foreign affairs, in which he referred to the results of Lausanne and Geneva with a complacency which it is difficult to share, but painted in the blackest colours the state and prospects of Europe as a whole. While reiterating the British point of view as to the legality and wisdom of French action in the Ruhr, he found no hope for Europe save in the closest co-operation between the Allies; but he was not successful in conveying the impression that these hopes were very bright. The happiest note in his speech was at the end, when he said that the British Empire cannot live for itself alone, and that its strength as a commonwealth of nations must depend on its readiness to share the burdens of others. This note was caught up by Mr. Mackenzie King and General Smuts, who both emphasized the part the Empire should play in promoting international peace and justice. General Smuts, in particular, refused to believe that the present problems are insoluble, and suggested that the Conference gave an opportunity for the British people, "without using threats or violent language," to speak once more "with a voice that will be listened to in the affairs of the world."

* * *

THE real work of the Economic Conference has yet to begin; but the speeches delivered at the opening session on October 2nd were significant as to the probable course of its discussions. Mr. Mackenzie King, speaking for Canada, avoided the topic of Imperial Preference and uttered an emphatic warning that a healthy trade must depend more on individual initiative than on Government support. In his view, the greatest service Government could render was to clear trade channels of existing obstructions. Mr. Massey, on the other hand, declared that migration and Preference went together, whatever form they might take, and General Smuts, while disclaiming any idea of dictation or bargaining, was sure that "without departing from the settled fiscal policy of this country," a considerable measure of Preference could be given. The question of chief immediate interest seems to be how "the settled fiscal policy" of this country is regarded by its own Government. According to Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, the President of the Board of Trade, in his opening address, "we have definitely established the principle of Imperial Preference in our own more limited fiscal system," and wish to apply that principle still further "within the scope which is practicable for us." How far this progress is regarded as "practicable," in the light of Governmental pledges and public opinion, we have yet to learn. It is doubtful whether Mr. Massey, and Mr. Bruce when he arrives, will be satisfied with General Smuts's interpretation of our policy as excluding duties on essential foodstuffs or essential raw materials.

* * *

AT last, after a twenty-three weeks' stoppage of work, there appears to be some slight hope of a settlement of the boilermakers' lock-out over the National Overtime and Night-Shift Agreement. The movement towards peace was set on foot by the Federation of Shipbuilding Trade Unions, who applied to the Minister of Labour for his intervention owing to the large and increasing number of their members who have been thrown out of work by the absence of the boilermakers. This led to a meeting at Carlisle last week between the Federation and the shipbuilding employers, when an agreed statement was issued declaring that the Boiler-

makers' Society was undoubtedly a member of the Federation until its formal expulsion on May 17th, and is therefore bound by the agreement, since that was signed in the name of the Federation before that date. The statement also reiterated a promise by the employers that in applying the provisions of the agreement they would give "due consideration to special circumstances peculiar to any trade." A fuller definition of these words is clearly required, and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress has now stepped in to obtain this from the employers. Much will depend on the employers' reply; and it is to be hoped that their promise is no mere formality, for while the boilermakers have taken up a somewhat stubborn attitude throughout, and while technically they are almost certainly in the wrong, the fact remains that they may genuinely have believed at the beginning that they were not covered by the Federation's signature of this document.

* * *

THE opening of the forty-first annual provincial meeting of the Law Society, on October 1st, was marked by two important pronouncements on questions of current interest. In his presidential address, Mr. R. W. Dibdin deplored the increasing tendency to regard law-breaking as venial, and attributed it partly to the multiplication of legal restrictions with no foundation in the public conscience. "Law once reserved for putting the lunatic and the criminal into strait waistcoats was now employed to put ordinary folk into leading strings." In a subsequent paper on "The Judges and the Executive," Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., discussed the survival of the war mind among some officials and administrators, and their consequent impatience of the constitutional checks on administrative action. Both protests were timely. The war has left few worse legacies than the tendency to exempt the Executive from the control of the Courts, and there is ample evidence both here and in America that an ill-considered zeal in legislation may easily turn good citizens into law-breakers. Unfortunately, the habitual breach of a bad or doubtful law leads easily to a contempt for laws in general.

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"OPINIONS may differ," writes a Geneva correspondent, "on the recent critical discussions of the League of Nations Council and their upshot, but on the part played by Lord Robert Cecil in the affair there is hardly room for divergent views. On two occasions at least he saved the whole situation single-handed. One was when the apparently agreed plan to send the League scheme of settlement to Paris in time for a meeting of the Ambassadors' Conference on the following day was frustrated by M. Hanotaux's insistence on first seeking instructions from his Government. That check was met by Lord Robert on the spur of the moment by the proposal to send the *procès-verbal* of the Council discussions (including, of course, the plan itself) to the Ambassadors 'as a matter of courtesy.' The other was when he devised the formula by the acceptance of which Signor Salandra finally unsaid everything he had ever said as to the League's incompetence when a matter of national dignity or prestige was in question. The first British delegate, apart from the normal responsibilities which must fall on any Minister holding that position, and from the constant anxiety the Italian affair involved, bore the whole burden of the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee through committee. The work was too heavy for any single man, and it is not surprising that Lord Robert should have finally collapsed from overstrain."

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE DOMINIONS.

In the last decade the meaning of the term "Dominion Status" has developed with a rapidity which is unusual in the constitutional affairs of the British Empire, but with an imperceptibility which is thoroughly characteristic. There has been no formal grant of new powers, no fresh definition of their status; but as the result of a series of events, some of them mere incidents, the Mother Country now realizes that her daughters have suddenly grown up, and that in future she must expect to be treated more as an elder sister than as a mother. It is useful, at a moment when we are welcoming home the representatives of the Dominions and of India and the Irish Free State, to remind ourselves of the events and incidents which have produced this change in the life of the family.

First and foremost is the common experience of the World War, in which we fought together, consulted together, and made peace together. Dominion troops fought side by side with us; Dominion Ministers sat in the Imperial War Cabinet formed in 1917; and one of them, General Smuts, took an important and continuous share in the supreme direction of the war. The part which Dominion Ministers played in the peace negotiations led to four developments of capital importance. In the first place, the several representatives of Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India appear in the preamble of the Treaty of Versailles, not indeed as representing "High Contracting Parties," but as the representatives of His Majesty "for" the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, &c.; and they signed the Treaty in company with Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Milner, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Barnes. In the second place, though their representatives did not sign the abortive Anglo-American-French Treaty guaranteeing France against unprovoked aggression by Germany, it was expressly provided that "the present Treaty shall impose no obligations upon any of the Dominions of the British Empire unless and until it is approved by the Parliament of the Dominions concerned"—a most important recognition of the new status of the Dominions. In the third place, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India became original members of the League of Nations, with the right of acting independently of Great Britain, which they exercised emphatically in September, 1922, over the dispute with Turkey. Fourthly, three of the Dominions are directly and personally responsible to the League of Nations as mandatories of the "C" class: Australia for German New Guinea, New Zealand for Samoa, and South Africa for German S.W. Africa, while the mandate for Nauru is held by "His Britannic Majesty" and shared between the Imperial Government and Australia and New Zealand under a tripartite agreement.

Independent intercourse between the Dominions and foreign Governments in matters not strictly political is of earlier origin. For thirty years past the Dominions have negotiated commercial treaties and tariff agreements with foreign Governments and with one another, and Australia and Canada each have their "Department of External Affairs." It has, however, been the practice to keep the Imperial Government informed as to the progress of negotiations, and when it became necessary to sign any engagement requiring the solemnity of a treaty, it was usual to ask the Imperial Government to accredit a British Ambassador or other diplomatic representative for the purpose, either alone or in company with a representative of the Dominion concerned. In April of this year, however, the Dominion of Canada succeeded in

recording a significant departure from this practice. After negotiating a Halibut Fisheries Treaty with the United States of America, the Canadian Government, whose Minister of Marine, Mr. Lapointe, had received from the Imperial Government full powers to sign the Treaty, informed Sir Auckland Geddes, who had been instructed from London "to sign the treaty in association with Mr. Lapointe," that they were of the opinion "that as respects Canada the signature of Mr. Lapointe alone should be sufficient, as it affects solely Canada and the United States." Sir Auckland Geddes gave way, no doubt upon instructions from London, and Mr. Lapointe signed alone. Another advance registered by Canada is the concession to her by the Imperial Government in 1920 of the right to appoint a Minister-Plenipotentiary at Washington in order to protect and promote her many interests in the United States; but she has not yet seen fit to exercise that right.

The whole question of Dominion Status has acquired a new importance by the "Anglo-Irish Treaty" of December, 1921. The express bargain of the Irish Free State is that it shall have the status of a Dominion *on the Canadian model*, that, it is hardly necessary to add, being the most advanced. So whatever Canada has won, the Irish Free State, if she wants it, will claim. Nor has she been backward. There is no need to view with solemn perturbation her reported intention to submit the "Anglo-Irish Treaty" for registration by the League with the idea of bringing before it the vexed question of the Ulster boundary. The line between international and domestic questions can never be drawn with absolute sharpness; and that the League should, as it gains in authority and strength, come to exercise a certain influence on questions which are primarily domestic, but which react on international relations, would be a natural and healthy development. But the League has certainly not yet reached that stage; it has still to exert its due authority in purely international affairs; and there is not the least likelihood that either the Council or the Assembly would be willing to involve it in the Irish question. The true court of appeal for Ireland in any dispute she may have with Great Britain over the interpretation of the Treaty is an Imperial Conference, comprising mainly Dominion representatives who have always given cordial support to the cause of Irish self-government.

Internationally, then, our Dominions have won for themselves a position within the Community of Nations. True, it is an anomalous position, *sui generis*, without precedent, and in the main confined to the activities connected with membership of the League and to the less political aspects of international intercourse. Within the Empire, the Dominions—for many years autonomous in internal affairs—have recently received repeated acknowledgment of an entirely new status, of a right of more frequent and more intimate consultation upon matters of vital Imperial interest, of the need of a revision of the unwritten partnership agreement which holds the Empire together. Clearly the Imperial Conference cannot separate without pronouncing upon some of these constitutional issues. The main defect of the present working arrangement is the lack of adequate machinery for effective consultation between the London Cabinet and the other Cabinets of the Empire. The world is rocking, and the British Commonwealth, if it acts together, can do much to stabilize it. If the hysterical cry to the Dominions on the Turkish issue emitted by Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet, or a fragment of it, last year, is a fair product of the present machinery, then reform is badly

needed; for the British Commonwealth will not be held together, or brought to act together, by exploiting the Gallipoli graves. While the main responsibility for the day-to-day conduct of international affairs must continue for some time yet to rest with the London Cabinet, the Dominions are entitled to claim the observance of two conditions: (1) that they should have given previous assent to the general principles being followed in the negotiations, and (2) that they should be kept sufficiently in touch with the progress of events to enable them, at a moment of crisis, to determine their course of action upon a reasoned judgment instead of being stampeded by that sentiment of loyalty which it is so easy to evoke—and abuse. But we hope that the Conference will bear in mind that nowhere is it truer than in British constitutional affairs that the spirit is more than the letter, the unwritten more than the written. Let them not hasten unduly to translate into a rigid code tendencies, understandings, practices which are perhaps still tentative and flexible, and still incapable of precise definition. We ourselves look forward with confidence to the further development of Dominion emancipation; but this is a family matter, and in a family which gets on "very unanimously and comfortably" together, as Mr. Perker would say, unity, strength, and influence are more likely to be hampered than augmented by the narrow and formal obligations of a written contract.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. BALDWIN.

THE plain man may be excused if he finds it hard to say whether Mr. Beckett or Mr. Baldwin presents the more forlorn spectacle to the public in these days. Each has apparently been reduced to a condition of dazed impotence that leaves the mind halting between pity and contempt. But whereas the cause of the humiliation of Mr. Beckett is plain to the humblest of us, the case of Mr. Baldwin is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. More than a fortnight has passed since his visit to Paris and the issue of the communiqué which left the world in a state of mingled wonder and incredulity. The actual authorship of that amazing document is still unrevealed, though it has been widely attributed to Sir William Tyrrell; but whoever wrote it, there can be no doubt that Mr. Baldwin consented to its terms and its publication, and nothing he has said since suggests that he is in disagreement with it. He has spoken in public twice, and on both occasions he has confined himself to a few empty and jejune comments, which, while throwing no light on the mystery, convey the impression that the attitude adopted in the Curzon Note has been recanted, and that Mr. Baldwin has taken "the count" at the hands of M. Poincaré as indisputably as Mr. Beckett took it at the hands of M. Carpentier.

It may be, of course, that these bland commonplaces about the need of a good understanding with France are only intended to mark time, and that the visit had no real bearing upon the question of Reparations and the Ruhr. This speculation is strengthened by the fact that Lord Curzon was not himself present at the discussions between M. Poincaré and Mr. Baldwin. It is inconceivable that any self-respecting Foreign Secretary could submit to the humiliation of seeing his whole policy overthrown by the head of the Government in his absence and still consent to remain in office. The more credible view is that the communiqué and the subsequent platitudes of the Prime Minister spring from a considera-

tion that has nothing to do with the main issue. The ebullition of Signor Mussolini had created a situation which, for widely different reasons, had alarmed both the British and the French Governments. It was obvious that Signor Mussolini's proceedings were based upon the assumption that with England and France in open conflict he had an unobstructed field for the pursuit of his predatory aims; and it may be that the two Prime Ministers agreed that if the situation was to be kept in hand they must make a demonstration of reconciliation and agreement which would warn Italy that she could not rely, as Turkey had so successfully relied, upon the rupture in the relations of the two dominant Powers.

If this is the explanation of the mystery it at least provides an intelligible ground for action which otherwise baffles all meaning. The communiqué was the price which Mr. Baldwin was called upon to pay in order to intimidate Signor Mussolini. He consented to give the world the impression that he had retreated from the main theatre of war in order to check an outbreak in a subsidiary theatre. Accepting this view, as, I think, it is accepted in most informed quarters, it will be apparent that M. Poincaré has killed two birds with one stone. He has put the brake on Italy, and he has put the muzzle on Mr. Baldwin. He has given the world the impression that we have repented of our opposition to him in the Ruhr, that we have repudiated the Curzon Note, and that henceforth, as Lord Rothermere demands, we are going to accept the leadership of France in the political field as we accepted it during the war in the military field.

The magnitude of this diplomatic achievement only becomes apparent when we survey the immense happenings that have occurred during the weeks in which British statesmanship has been silenced and sterilized beyond all previous example. The collapse of the resistance in the Ruhr has been immediately followed by the symptoms of that disruption of the German system towards which the policy of France has been ceaselessly directed for four years. The wretched country, disarmed, stripped of its sources of power, plunged into bankruptcy, is visibly disintegrating. The Government, unable to function under the merciless checks and restraints of an insatiable and irresistible enemy, has lost its hold on the machine of administration. Rival dictatorships are springing up, and the Republic is tottering before the hammer-strokes of revolutionaries and royalists. Bavaria is reverting to monarchism and breaking away from the Empire. The conspiracy to set up a Rhineland Republic, long fomented and financed from Paris, has burst into flame, and the massacre at Düsseldorf is the first symptom of that civil war to which the triumph of the Poincaré policy condemns Central Europe, perhaps for generations. That the mutilation of the German people can be effected peacefully or will be accepted finally no one who knows anything of history or of human nature believes. The wrong done to-day will keep Europe seething until it is avenged by the generation whose childhood is embittered and poisoned by the savagaries and insults of these unspeakable years.

Meanwhile, those phantom Reparations, which have been the sham issue behind which this scheme of spoliation and outrage has been organized and carried out, finally take wings and vanish from sight. M. Poincaré himself assumes an air of alarm at the prospect, and warns his people that the Humbert safe may be empty. He is a less intelligent man than I take him for if the suspicion only now presents itself to him. France had the choice of Reparations or revenge. M. Poincaré deliberately chose the latter, and torpedoed

every movement, from the Bankers' Conference at Paris onwards, which was directed to fixing what Germany had to pay and to enabling her to pay it. He preferred to break Germany to pieces and to lose Reparations rather than to run the risk of allowing her to recover sufficiently to pay Reparations. His calculation, no doubt, is that the French control of German resources will ultimately provide an alternative for Reparations—an alternative, moreover, which will not be compromised by the inconvenient sensibilities of other Powers, or by disagreeable complications with the French debt to this country, which can be safely left to be discharged by the British taxpayer.

But the fact that M. Poincaré's persistence, aided by the weakness of British policy, has apparently reached the goal he had in view, does not release us from the necessity of taking a clear-cut course in regard to the future of European affairs. The view put forward in some quarters that we should turn our back on the Continent and seek to recover in other markets what we have lost near at hand, is a counsel of folly and ignorance. The prosperity of those other markets depends upon the economic recovery of Europe, and we cannot, for example, look for the improvement of our trade with Brazil, or even the maintenance of that trade, while the chief consumer of Brazil's principal commodity is reduced to drinking coffee substitutes. We are an integral part of the European system, and can no more separate ourselves from it than the hand can separate itself from the body. Our true and wisest relation to that system, as Mr. Baldwin, quoting Disraeli, has said, has been that of "a moderating and mediatorial" Power. We have, thanks not to our merits but to our geographical position, no territorial ambitions to satisfy and no racial feuds to pursue.

We have what one may call a disinterested interest in the well-being of the Continent, and anything which threatens its freedom, its peace, and its prosperity awakens in the end that interest to activity. Our intervention in European affairs has always been governed by one consideration, the fear of the Continent falling under the despotism of a single ambitious Power and so losing its liberties and the free play of its national life. It is this motive which has made us in turn the friend and the foe of every great Power in Europe, and to assume that having spent our blood and treasure in defeating the ambitions of Prussia, we shall permanently consent to a French hegemony of Europe, based among other things upon the employment of black troops from Africa, and the effective control of the mineral resources of Central Europe, is to make an assumption that disregards the whole spirit of our history and the plain necessities of our economic life. The worst disservice that we can do, not merely to the interests of Europe, but to the friendly relations of England and France, is to disguise as we have so long done, under a flow of flatulent platitudes and even blatant falsifications such as those of the communiqué, the indestructible motives of British policy. It is a disservice to France, because in the end those motives will operate not in a friendly atmosphere as they should have done, but in an unfriendly atmosphere, and because our impotence depresses the wiser elements in French politics, which are hardly less disquieted by the Prussianism of M. Poincaré than we are.

The abdication by this country during the past four years of its legitimate and reconciling rôle in the affairs of Europe will make a humiliating page in our history. The economic and political consequences of that abdication will continue with us for many a long day; but the humiliation can still be redeemed by the plain and unequivocal declaration by this country of a policy of

appeasement which, in giving expression to British interests, would represent in no less degree the general interests of Europe, and even of France herself; for however the facts of the moment may blind her judgment, her well-being, like that of the rest of us, is ultimately bound up with the return of peace and goodwill to this distracted world. In order to bring that about we have got, in the slang phrase, to "get together" again, and this country alone can give the lead in that direction. No incident since the war has been of such good omen or productive of such beneficial results as the Washington Conference. To have summoned that Conference is a sufficient claim to enduring and grateful memory, and redeems the Presidency of Warren Harding from complete derision. Mr. Baldwin might win even greater glory, and do the world still greater service, by bettering that example and summoning a conference to which all nations would be invited, to deal, not with the case of Germany specifically, but with the whole problem of restoring peace, security, and prosperity to the world, with the conditions on which disarmament can be promoted, mutual protection secured, the reign of law advanced, and that "recreation" of the League of Nations of which Mr. Asquith spoke last week begun. It may be objected that M. Poincaré will say "No Thoroughfare." We should regret that, but it should not disturb or deflect us. We do not live by grace of M. Poincaré, and no more time should be lost in making that fact clear to the world.

A. G. G.

THE RUHR STRUGGLE CONTINUES.

(FROM A RUHR CORRESPONDENT.)

OCTOBER 2ND, 1923.

PASSIVE resistance in the Ruhr was not due mainly to the orders from Berlin, which have now been withdrawn. It is deeply rooted in the psychology of the Ruhr workers. This psychology is not nationalist. It is only to a small extent patriotic. It is, above all, trade unionist. "We will not work under bayonets!" Why? "Because militarism is the cloak for capitalism." German capitalism is, then, preferable to French? Why? "Because the German employer is bound by the Works Councils Law and by the Social Insurance legislation; because he has no soldiers at his back; because he must negotiate, while French capitalism can seek to command." Eight hectic months of economic-militarist occupation, and of compulsion exerted by the General Staff at Düsseldorf and by the Inter-Allied Engineers Commission in Essen, have convinced the Ruhr workers of the necessity of political freedom if even the semblance of economic freedom is to be retained.

What has happened since the abandonment of official resistance has made this abundantly clear. Even the Socialists have lost their previous belief in the possibility of the workers negotiating on an equal footing with the Economic Section of the Occupation Authorities. The key to the revival of this district, in which industry has been almost over-concentrated, and which after fifty years of continuous work has been reduced in eight months to a terrible inactivity, is to be found in the railways, which since May have been largely taken over by the French. Everyone believed that with the abandonment of passive resistance, negotiations with the German railwaymen must immediately begin. But the efforts both of the German Government and of the trade unions to get in touch with the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission in Coblenz, as also further feelers in Cologne,

proved unsuccessful. One thing, however, became clear: the French and Belgians did not desire any negotiations *en bloc*. If they wished to have any at all, they were only to be of a local nature. In Essen, which is a nodal point of the railways of the Ruhr district, a meeting took place between the heads of the French Field Railway Commission and the representatives of the "Arbeitsgemeinschaft" of the various Socialist, Christian, and Democratic railway unions. There was scarcely any discussion, but to a number of written questions answers were obtained which even to a layman must appear devastating. The railwaymen and their families, numbering in all over 100,000, who have been driven out of their homes and expelled from the district, and those in prison, amounting to more than 500, are not to be re-engaged except after an investigation into each individual case. But, in any event, only those actually born in occupied territory are to be taken on, and that only to the extent that is considered necessary, the younger men in all cases having the preference over the older. An oath of loyalty to the *Régie* must be taken. An unconditional undertaking must be given to support and further to the best of their ability the interests of the French and Belgian Governments. The maintenance of the German social and Labour legislation is to be a matter for negotiation *after* the German workers have returned to work. At the conclusion of this ill-omened document is to be found the statement that the French conditions are final and absolute.

The day after the handing over of this document the representatives of the railwaymen appeared again before the Commission to keep an appointment made by the Colonel who is at its head. After a long wait they were informed that further conversations were not desired. On the following Sunday, October 1st, the situation was discussed at all the meetings of the accredited delegates of the trade unions. Everywhere the conviction was expressed that the French were determined not to recognize German trade unionism in the Ruhr, and that it was their aim to create an unorganized, disunited mass to which they would be able to dictate their conditions. What else could the continued refusal to negotiate with the trade unions signify? What other interpretation could there be of the condition that the railwaymen should only be engaged one by one? The French had no desire, as in normal cases at the end of a strike, to make a general agreement, but they were speculating on the weaker or the unorganized elements amongst the railwaymen, in the hope of paralyzing the concentrated energy of the trade unions. Hence conclusions were reached as to the attitude of the French towards the trade unions in general: clearly the achievements of the Revolution of 1918, which all rest on a trade union basis, were to be destroyed. The French were not desirous of repeating the "error" of the Saar district, where the trade unions have retained a powerful position. Moreover, what would happen to the trade unions as leaders of Labour if the other conditions had to be accepted? What would be the fate of those who had been driven from their homes, and of those in prison who had paid for their loyalty with very severe punishment (in all twenty years' penal servitude and 345 years' imprisonment)? What would be the prospects of those who lately with their families had been expelled from Rauxel, Dorstfeld, and Gelsenkirchen? The oath of fidelity to the *Régie*, and the perilous snare of the promise of loyalty to the French and Belgian Governments, added political to economic pressure. There could be no doubt that it was intended that the railwaymen should be harnessed to the Separatist movement.

They had been verbally informed by the French that those willing to work must report to a certain Mies in Wedden (Ruhr), who was the only one of the entire staff of higher railway officials who had gone over to the French, and who was known to be agitating for the Separatists.

The trade unions in the Ruhr are standing solidly behind the railwaymen, who have to endure the first shock. All members of the trade unions are forbidden to report for work to the French, and "traitors are outlawed." Thus it can be seen that the prospects for the re-establishment of normal conditions in the Ruhr are most gloomy. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the French policy is as logical and clearly thought out as it has been throughout the occupation. The Ruhr district is not in a position to return to the regular work which is vitally necessary for its existence without transport, without subsidies from the Reich, and without knowledge of the French plans for the exploitation of the "productive pledges." The present French policy of passivity, the deliberate dragging-out of the return to stable conditions, with winter near at hand, may in a few weeks cause the Ruhr district to lie completely helpless in the hands of the victor.

IN VINCULIS.

POPULATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

BY J. M. KEYNES.

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE's interesting address, under this title, before the British Association has revived discussion on a matter which, whatever way it touches our hopes or our prejudices, must surely trouble the thoughts of anyone who concerns himself with political or social purpose. Sir William, in common with many other people, dislikes the idea of Birth Control; but, like the good economist he is, he remains on the broad issue a sound Malthusian. "Nothing that I have said," he finally concludes, "discredits the fundamental principle of Malthus, reinforced as it can be by the teachings of modern science." His main themes were, first, that we must not be too ready to argue from unemployment to over-population, instancing the excellence of employment in Germany to-day, "a nation which assuredly should be suffering from over-population if any nation is"; and, secondly, that an *obiter dictum* of mine in "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" about the state of affairs in 1900-1910 was unjustifiably pessimistic.

I will deal elsewhere with the criticism personal to myself. My main point in the brief passage taken by Sir W. Beveridge as his text was that the pre-war balance in Europe between population and the means of life was, for various reasons, already precarious; and from this I do not think that he seriously dissents. But I also threw out the suggestion that the turning-point in the strongly favourable developments of the latter half of the nineteenth century may have come about the year 1900. The suggestion is one which it is not easy either to refute or to establish, and the exact date is a matter of historical interest, and not one of decisive importance in relation to the present state of the world. But, in any case, Sir William Beveridge's statistics do not touch me, inasmuch as my suggestion related to the "equation of exchange" between the manufactured products of the Old World and the raw produce of the New, an indication to which his particular figures, since they nearly all deal with raw produce, are not relevant. I shall discuss this statistical point, giving the evidence

on which my statement was based, in the December issue of the "Economic Journal," where those interested will also have the advantage of reading the full text of Sir William Beveridge's address.

Let us, however, turn to Sir William's first point, namely, the relation of unemployment to over-population. I agree with him that it would be rash to argue straight from one to the other. Unemployment is a phenomenon of maladjustment, and the maladjustment may be due to causes which have nothing to do with population;—as, for example, the maladjustment due to a transition, through deflation of purchasing power, from a higher to a lower price-level, or that due to the necessity of changing over from supplying one type of outside market to supplying another because of a sudden change in the relative wealth and requirements of the rest of the world. Each of these influences is probably responsible for an important part of the existing unemployment in Great Britain.

But, on the other hand, unemployment may be a symptom of a maladjustment very closely connected with population—namely, that which results from an attempt on the part of organized Labour, or of the community as a whole, to maintain real wages at a higher level than the underlying economic conditions are able to support. The most alarming aspect of the prolongation and the intensity of the existing unemployment is the possibility that transitory influences may not wholly explain it, and that deep causes may be operating which interfere with our continuing ability to maintain in these islands an expanding population at an improving standard of life. The doubt is a dreadful one. Our social aims and objects flow from the opposite assumption, and are rendered futile by its negation. What is the use or the purpose of all our strivings if they are to be neutralized or defeated by the mere growth of numbers? Malthus's Devil is a terrible Devil because he undermines our faith in the real value of our social purposes, just as much now as when Malthus loosed him against the amiable dreams of Godwin. The *prima facie* case for doubting our ability to provide during the present generation for growing numbers at an improving standard, and for seeing some corroboration of this doubt in the present state of our labour market and of our staple industries, is so serious that it is frivolous to think we can dismiss it by mentioning that unemployment is not necessarily due to over-population and by pointing to the disastrous example of Germany, where the nation's submission, under the overwhelming pressure of events, to a drastic lowering of their standard of life and the impairment of their capital resources has put away this particular symptom for the time being.

No statistics can be decisive on such a matter unless they extend over a period long enough to eliminate other influences,—which means that their final answer may be too late to determine policy. But it is useful to keep ourselves reminded from time to time of one or two simple and well-known figures. In 1851 the population of Great Britain was about 21,000,000; in 1901, 37,000,000; and in 1921, 43,000,000. Thus, the population which is growing old is the remnant of a population not much more than half the size of the population which is growing up. Several conclusions follow from this.

(1) Although the birth-rate is materially lower than it was half a century ago, nevertheless the absolute number of daily births in Great Britain to-day is nearly double the number of deaths.

(2) The fact that the average age of the population is less than it would be in a stationary population means

that the proportion of old people of pensionable age, which the community will have to support as time goes on, will tend to increase to a figure not far short of double what it is at present.

(3) Most important of all, the supply of adult labourers will continue to increase sharply for a generation to come, irrespective of the contemporary birth-rate, because the number of boys now growing up to working age will greatly exceed year by year that of the old men dying or reaching pensionable age. In round numbers the male population between twenty and sixty-five years of age is now between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000. In the course of the next twenty years the boys (already born) entering these age limits will exceed by between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 the old men passing out. That is to say, we shall have to find, within this short period, employment, equipment, and houses for 25-30 per cent. more working-class families than at present; and the net productivity of these additional hands will have to support a larger proportion of old people, and, if the present birth-rate continues, as large a proportion of children. Now that this surplus already exists, emigration may be a palliative. As a continuing policy, however, emigration is a ruinous expedient for an old country, as is obvious when one considers that, if the males are shipped abroad, a corresponding number of females must be sent also, and that the cost per head of rearing and educating a child up to working age is a heavy charge for which the country will get no return of productivity if the youth then emigrates.

(4) Very few of our staple export industries are operating above their pre-war level of ten years ago, and some of them, notably textiles, are seriously below it. Most of these industries are well satisfied if they see a prospect ahead even of their former level of activity in normal times. Their difficulties are increased in some cases by the fact that the American demand for certain essential raw materials has risen more than the total supply, and that America is able to pay a higher price than we can. We cannot rely, unless the material conditions of the rest of the world greatly improve, on finding markets for a much larger quantity of goods at as good a net return to ourselves. With Europe's present prospects, and with the growing tendency of the New World to keep its advantages to itself, we are not entitled to rely on so great an advance in our own opportunities.

These *prima facie* grounds, for fear and hesitation, and for straining our minds to find a way out, are not disposed of by the fact that many improvements are conceivable, other than restriction, which would postpone or alleviate the problem. Sir William Beveridge concluded his address, after admitting and emphasizing the dangers of our economic situation, by urging that the cure was to be found not in Birth Control, but in Peace and World Trade resuming their sway. He might have mentioned many other desirable things which would put off the evil day,—a greater accumulation of capital, the swifter progress of science, a raising of the acquired and inborn endowments of the average man, more common-sense, intelligence, and public spirit.

But it is not safe to leave the question of numbers unregulated, in the mere hope that we may be rescued by one of these conceivable, but as yet unrealized, improvements. And even if we do realize them, is it not discouraging that they should only operate to compensate an increase of numbers, when they might, if there had been no increase, have availed to improve the lot of the average man?

Is not a country over-populated when its standards

are lower than they would be if its numbers were less? In that case the question of what numbers are desirable arises long before starvation sets in, and even before the level of life begins to fall. Perhaps we have already sacrificed too much to population. For is not the improvement in the average conditions of life during the past century very small in comparison with the extraordinary material progress of that period? Does it not

seem that the greater part of man's achievements are already swallowed up in the support of mere numbers?

It is easy to understand the distaste provoked by particular methods, and the fear inspired by any proposal to modify the *laissez-faire* of Nature, and to bring the workings of a fundamental instinct under social control. But it is strange to be untroubled or to deny the existence of the problem for our generation.

THE BEATING OF A DRUM

By T. S. ELIOT.

THE inquiries of Darwin appear to have made no more impression on literary criticism than that recorded by the misleading title of Ferdinand Brunetière, "L'évolution des genres." If literary critics, instead of perpetually perusing the writings of other critics, would study the content and criticize the methods of such books as "The Origin of Species" itself, and "Ancient Law," and "Primitive Culture," they might learn the difference between a history and a chronicle, and the difference between an interpretation and a fact. They might learn also that literature cannot be understood without going to the sources: sources which are often remote, difficult, and unintelligible unless one transcends the prejudices of ordinary literary taste. Literary historians will, it is true, trace the external chronicle of some "form"—as the antecedence of mystery and morality to drama—but this chronicle, once recounted, is a preface to be forgotten, unnecessary for the "appreciation" of the finished product—appreciation for which, as a rule, ignorant sensibility is the chief qualification. That the *nature* of the finished product ("finished," of course, is relative) is essentially present in the crude forerunner, is an assertion which the prompt disposers of values do not make.

Miss Busby's book on the Fool in Elizabethan Drama* is somewhat of a disappointment. She does not produce all the facts that seem to me relevant to the Fool, and she does not draw the kind of general conclusion that I should like to see drawn. It is apparently her purpose to demonstrate the superiority of Shakespeare's Fools to all others; but this conclusion is demonstrated by the Fools themselves, and needs no assistance of scholarship. Miss Busby's facts are good facts and worth having: my objection is that she has assembled and chosen them as a chronicler rather than as an anthropologist of Folly. It is true that the Elizabethan drama is a composite affair, in which several levels of culture are represented; and until we get back to the very crudest English dramatic performances we find everywhere this mixture. The Fool, Miss Busby observes, shows very early the influence of the "comic servant": in other words, just as Seneca or Plautus is everywhere, so there is in the Fool a foreign, artificial, Scapin-fourbe element. But neither this, nor the Court-fool, is, in my opinion, the direct ancestor of the Elizabethan: I can only offer a theory, and ask whether it supports better my *interpretation* of the essential Shakespearian Fool.

Shakespeare certainly employs the comic servant. But the really remarkable contributions of Shakespeare appear less in his comedies than in his tragedies. The Fool in "Lear" is probably the ripest and finest product of Shakespearian Folly; and this Fool can hardly be classified as the "comic servant." We do not need

to trace the ancestry of the comic servant or Figaro himself; perhaps there is a common ancestor in the background; but the comic servant as we find him on the Elizabethan stage is an importation, not of British descent. The Fool in "Lear" is a *possessed*; a very cunning and very intuitive person; he has more than a suggestion of the shaman or medicine man. There must, if the Fool in "Lear" be called a "comic" character, be admitted to be some of the same comic element in the Witches in "Macbeth." And I see no reason why, by the same extension, Caliban should not be included in the same category.

I am aware that my classification of Fools may appear arbitrary. And two other inclusions may appear more arbitrary still: the Porter in "Macbeth" and Antony in the scene on Pompey's galley. In these instances there is no question of supernatural powers: the Porter and Antony are Fools because they provide a contrast of mood which contributes to the seriousness of the situation. And each, in his way, is master of the situation. In comedy this antithesis is attenuated, as observable in the "comic servant" everywhere, and in a very refined state in the comedies of Marivaux; it is in tragedy, or in some form which is neither comedy nor tragedy, that the Fool, distinct from every other character, is best observed. That the Fool and the comic servant are akin, is suggested by cases where the supernatural power and the servant are separated: the powers remain with Faustus and Friar Bacon, the comedy resides in their servants. Here there is no complete Fool, but a part of him is a comic servant. The prototype of the true Fool, according to my conjecture, is a character in that English version of the Perseus legend, the Mummers' Play of St. George and the Dragon. The Doctor who restores St. George to life is, I understand, usually presented as a comic character. As Mr. Cornford suggests, in "The Origin of Attic Comedy," this Doctor may be identical with the Doctor who is called in to assist Punch after he has been thrown by his horse.

The identification of Lear's Fool with the medicine man, if it have any ground at all, can be supported by scholars with much fuller resources than mine; my interest is in its possible connection with a theory which has far stronger authority: the theory of the development of tragedy and comedy out of a common form. If Mr. Cornford's theory is correct—and I believe it has the support of Mr. Gilbert Murray—the original dramatic impulse (such as St. George and the Dragon illustrates) is neither comic nor tragic. The comic element, or the antecedent of the comic, is perhaps present, together with the tragic, in all savage or primitive art; but comedy and tragedy are late, and perhaps impermanent intellectual abstractions. Now my own conclusion (for which I would not hold anyone else responsible) is this: that such abstractions, after developing through several generations of civilization, require to be replaced or renewed.

* "Studies in the Development of the Fool in the Elizabethan Drama." By Olive Mary Busby, M.A. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.)

The essentials of drama were, as we might expect, given by Aristotle: "poetry, music, and dancing constitute in Aristotle a group by themselves, their common element being imitation by means of rhythm—rhythm which admits of being applied to words, sounds, and the movements of the body" (Butcher, p. 139). It is the rhythm, so utterly absent from modern drama, either verse or prose, and which interpreters of Shakespeare do their best to suppress, which makes Massine and Charlie Chaplin the great actors that they are, and which makes the juggling of Rastelli more cathartic than a performance of "*A Doll's House*." As for the *catharsis*, we must remember that Aristotle was accustomed to dramatic performances only in rhythmic form; and that therefore he was not called upon to determine how far the *catharsis* could be effected by the moral or intellectual significance of the play *without* its verse form and proper declamation.

The drama was originally ritual; and ritual, consisting of a set of repeated movements, is essentially a dance. It is a pity that Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley, who has written an excellent study of primitive religious dances,* did not pursue the dance into drama. It is also a pity that he falls into the common trap of interpretation, by formulating intelligible reasons for the primitive dancer's dancing. "We suggest, then, that the origin of the sacred dance was the desire of early man to imitate what he conceived to be the characteristics of supernatural powers," he says. It is equally possible to assert that primitive man acted in a certain way and then found a reason for it. An unoccupied person, finding a drum, may be seized with a desire to beat it; but unless he is an imbecile he will be unable to continue beating it, and thereby satisfying a need (rather than a "desire"), without finding a reason for so doing. The reason may be the long continued drought. The next generation or the next civilization will find a more plausible reason for beating a drum. Shakespeare and Racine—or rather the developments which led up to them—each found his own reason. The reasons may be divided into tragedy and comedy. We still have similar reasons, but we have lost the drum.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"CAN THESE BONES LIVE?"

SIR,—Those who know Mr. Lowes Dickinson and his writings are aware that his dominant characteristic is a passion for righteousness in politics. I venture to think that in his letter to you last week from Geneva, in which he brutally asks whether the bones of the League can live, this passion for right has obscured his judgment, and even his vision of fact.

Mr. Dickinson is angry with the Assembly because at the crisis of a most dangerous dispute between Italy and Greece it did not immediately and formally denounce the bombardment and the occupation of Corfu. His sense of right demanded this moral condemnation, whatever the consequences might have been.

The action and inaction of the Assembly can only be judged in the light of the facts of the dispute. What are they? The Italian Government, responding to a popular emotion similar to, but even stronger than, that of Mr. Dickinson himself, demanded excessive reparation for the murder of a distinguished Italian officer on the soil of Greece. Amid remarkable national excitement it proceeded to the occupation of Corfu. The Greek Government, having already admitted a measure of responsibility, and having made promises of moral and material reparation which Italy

thought insufficient, appealed to the League, *not*, let it be noted, against the occupation of Corfu, but for the impartial intervention of the League in the settlement of the reparation to be made. The Italian Government, intent on treating the matter as an "Italian question," thereupon challenged all outside interference, and in particularly offensive language challenged the competence of the League. In spite of these boisterous words, the Council of the League met within four hours of its receipt of the Greek appeal. It held four lengthy public meetings and a number of private ones, during which it discussed the whole situation and the solution to be found. In these meetings its leading members, with great emphasis and universal approval, rejected the Italian plea against its competence; the Greek Government put forward further proposals for a settlement; the Council as a whole prepared a recommendation for settlement which it transmitted to the Conference of Ambassadors, which, both as an interested party and as a mediatorial agency whose good offices the parties had accepted, had also begun to deal with the affair. The Ambassadors, within thirty-six hours of the receipt of the proposals put forward by the Council, addressed a Note to the Government of Greece, putting them forward as their own with one minor and unimportant alteration. The Government of Greece accepted them, and a few days later the Council, having fulfilled in the spirit and the letter its obligation under Article 15 of the Covenant to "endeavour to effect a settlement of the dispute," confirmed as its own the Ambassadors' terms, to which the Greek Government had agreed; and so the substantive dispute between Italy and Greece was closed.

It was closed without the formal condemnation of Italy for which Mr. Dickinson had hoped. In passing, it may be said that that was by the ardent wish of Greece. But it was not the end of the affair. Grave questions concerning the competence of the League, the legitimacy of measures of force under the Covenant, and the responsibility of a State for political crimes committed on its soil had all been raised by the Italian action. The Council was resolutely determined to deal with these questions and to clear up any possible doubt that had been created by the Italian action. After a series of prolonged debates, it adopted on the first of them a resolution declaring the complete competence of the League to deal with "all disputes likely to lead to a rupture." The adoption of this resolution was in itself, for anyone who regards substance rather than form, a condemnation of the action which Italy had taken. Its acceptance by Italy was a most remarkable withdrawal of the bombastic propositions which she had only three weeks before put forward. In itself it is enough to ensure for the future that no such plea will ever again be made, whether by a small Power or a great one.

In addition to this, however, three questions concerning competence, and two more concerning measures of force and responsibility for crimes, were formulated by the Council, and have been referred to a Committee of Jurists. The Committee of Jurists will report in December, and if the Council has then any doubts, further and more specific questions will be referred to the Permanent Court of Justice. There are some who think that the questions should have gone directly to the Permanent Court; but the point is, in reality, a small one, and there are advantages on either side. The procedure that has been adopted will lead, without a doubt, to the final establishment of the doctrine that the League is competent to deal with all disputes, whatever their origin or nature, and that until they have been submitted to its examination no warlike measures of coercion can be undertaken by members of the League.

After these Council decisions the Assembly was "unmuzzled," and had Mr. Dickinson been fortunate enough to hear the debate, I hardly think he would have written as he did. Speeches were made by the representatives of four continents and twelve countries, great and small. Although the actual incidents of the Corfu dispute were hardly mentioned, yet the speeches individually made it clear that no member of the League had any doubt that the Italian contentions were unsound, and the Italian action illegitimate, while collectively they constituted an effective condemnation—humiliation would be hardly too strong a word—as even Mr. Dickinson could desire.

There remains the question of who got Italy out of Corfu. "The Ambassadors of France and Great Britain,"

* "The Sacred Dance." By W. O. E. Oesterley. (Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.)

says Mr. Dickinson. Whence his assumption? Such published evidence of the negotiations in Paris and in Geneva as there is shows that it was rather the threat to use the League and the pressure of organized world-opinion that produced this essential result. M. Politis, the able representative of Greece, had at least no doubt. In an interview on September 22nd he said: "If the League had not existed, the Conference of Ambassadors would still be writing its first Note to Athens. . . . If the Council had not been in permanent session, if the Assembly had not been meeting at its side, if a public discussion had not been feared at every moment, Italy would have opposed a veto against every pressure which other Governments might have brought to oblige her to evacuate Corfu."

We have also the evidence of other facts to guide us. Not only is Corfu free; the Fiume ultimatum has ceased to be an ultimatum; the Treaty of Rapallo has been registered against the will of Italy; Serbia has let pass an unequalled opportunity for taking the Bulgarian coalmines she so much covets. May it be suggested that these events have taken place because Italy and all Southern Europe learnt in Geneva that the Covenant of the League is a living thing?

And may it also be suggested that it is by the exercise of real power, even without the appearance of it, that political institutions really grow in strength? Perhaps that is why General Smuts, who no doubt has seen the secret papers and knows what really happened, says of the Corfu question that "The League has strengthened its position."—Yours, &c.,

B.

October 3rd, 1923.

CONFLICTING PRESS REPORTS.

SIR,—There is a limit to the falsification of news that a newspaper may permit itself. This limit has obviously been exceeded by either the "Times" or the "Daily Mail," as becomes evident on a comparison of their reports on the tragic happenings in Düsseldorf over the week-end.

Both papers tell us that a Separatist meeting was held in Düsseldorf on Sunday.

The "Times" further tells us that:—

(1) "The political parties of Düsseldorf, from the Nationalists to Social Democrats, and all the trade unions, issued on Saturday a proclamation urging the whole population to remain indoors from one to four, during which time the Separatists would be in town . . . as a protest against this invasion." (The Separatists, as both papers admit, were brought from different parts of the occupied territory in special trains provided by the French.) "Only the Communists refused to sign this declaration, and announced their intention of holding a counter-demonstration at the same time and place as the Separatists. . . ." When the Separatists arrived, they "marched . . . through empty streets. The people who usually crowd the broad boulevards had stayed at home in obedience to the wise counsel of the trade union and political leaders of all parties except the Communists."

(2) The Separatist meeting was under way when a cry of "Communists" was raised, shots were fired, and presently there "resounded the noise of shooting on every side. . . . Outside the Breidenbacher Hof . . . a Separatist took up his stand and deliberately fired a dozen rounds in the flying crowd, but in his panic he more likely hit his own friends than the innocent foe."

(3) The German police then appeared, and "from behind every tree and around every corner in the street the Separatists fired at them." After some fighting, during which the police were subjected to and returned a severe fire, the streets were cleared and order restored.

(4) Then, twenty minutes after peace was restored, the French appeared, and "twenty French cavalrymen, led by a dozen men of the Rheinwehr" (the armed forces of the Separatists), "galloped up to a Green policeman on duty close to the hotel, surrounding and disarming him. When this was done, the Separatists turned on the disarmed man and beat him to death. The doomed policeman covered his face with his hands and sank to the ground. . . . The French

remained impassive, and when it was over the Separatists shook hands with them.

"A few yards away the hideous scene was re-enacted, though this time the policeman appeared not to be killed outright. More Separatists who tried to repeat these murders on another already wounded policeman with a different group of French cavalry were foiled, the latter interfering to protect the policeman."

Now for the story of the "Daily Mail":—

(1) It makes no mention of the staying indoors of all but Communists and Separatists brought from elsewhere by train; on the contrary, it speaks of "masses of harmless citizens who had gathered to watch the demonstrations."

(2) Neither the headlines nor the summary account of the event given on the first page make mention of any fighting between Separatists and Communists before the police intervened, but we are given the following:—

"By the savage repression to-day of a mass demonstration at Düsseldorf in favour of a separate Rhineland Republic, the German Green Police . . . have done more to advance the Separatist movement than . . . &c. They swept the crowded streets with rifle fire, and at the end of the day, as fresh troops came out to re-establish order, I actually saw crowds of Germans frantically cheering the French . . . while farther along the same street isolated groups of German Green Police were being literally beaten to death by the infuriated population. To-night the French are the idols of the townspeople. . . ."

Thus the condensed account on the first page. For any who turned the page and read the further detailed accounts there was, however, the information that the Communists had appeared first and there were a few shots exchanged.

(3) There is no mention at any point of armed Separatist forces, nor of the horrible action imputed to French cavalry squads in the "Times." We are given to understand that the German police were dealing with defenceless crowds of "harmless citizens," whom they infuriated beyond control by their brutality.

These reports appeared on October 1st in the "Times" and "Daily Mail." It seems to us that such contradictory accounts can be explained by nothing but deliberate falsehood on the part of one of the writers. Which one? This question it is the business of those responsible for the papers concerned to answer in a convincing manner. It will then be apparent which paper is no longer to be taken as a source of reliable information.—Yours, &c.,

EIGHTEEN READERS.

October 3rd, 1923.

THE RATIFICATION OF INTERNATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

SIR,—In his letter in last week's THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, on the ratification of international conventions, Mr. Geoffrey Toulmin suggests that something like a third reading of international statutes should be provided, in the form of an appeal at each Assembly of the League to delegates present to declare themselves definitively, and as plenipotentiaries, for or against the ratification of any statute signed at a preceding Assembly. Whether the constituent States would consent to any such procedure may be doubted. The League itself has decided, rightly or wrongly, on the rather negative course of setting a time-limit (twenty-two months) within which all amendments to its Covenant must receive the requisite number of ratifications or lapse altogether. The Assembly that has just closed decided that the Secretary-General should make direct representations to all States that have not yet ratified the batch of amendments adopted at the Assembly of 1921. That may produce a curious situation. The time-limit mentioned above is fixed by one of these very amendments, and if it is ratified before, or even concurrently with, the rest, all the latter fall to the ground, for more than twenty-two months have passed since they were adopted. If, however, they are ratified first, and the other amendment (to Article 26) a week later, all will be well, for the Covenant in its original form fixes no limit to the date of ratification.—Yours, &c.,

H. WILSON HARRIS.

7, Hill Close, Golder's Green, N.W.

October 4th, 1923.

"WAITING FOR AMERICA."

SIR.—Will you permit me to correct briefly some of the impressions regarding American opinion contained in A. G. G.'s article, "Waiting for America," in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for July 28th? And first let me describe my own changing views regarding the duty and opportunities of the United States in Europe, so that you will not think that I am one of those who "sacrifice Europe," as A. G. G. says, "to make an *auto da fé* of the Democratic Party," and because my mental reactions have been common enough to be fairly typical.

Carried away by the emotions of the time, I felt that so great a war must inevitably be followed by a great peace. A turning-point in human history must have been reached. I had large hopes of the League of Nations. I was disillusioned at Paris, but nevertheless felt that though the world had been unable to consolidate all the moral gains of its great experience, it should still start, with the imperfect instrument devised for it, a little further back on the road toward common aims and a better understanding. I always favoured the cancellation of the Allied war debt to this country, on the ground that the larger view of our own self-interest required it. To-day, I think that the instinct which led this country to return to its traditional isolation was a sound one.

And it was the instinctive perception of national self-interest which moved us to leave Europe to shift for itself once it had signed a peace, not, as A. G. G. says, the desire to destroy President Wilson or make an *auto da fé* of the Democratic Party. The meannesses of Washington are superficial. Lodge could not have vented his spleen so successfully if the country at large had not been slowly returning to its ancient habit of regarding itself as safest when most completely detached from Europe.

Remember that we entered the war reluctantly, not "to save civilization," but for the usual motive of preserving our self-respect, "defending our national honour," as the phrase goes, which leads to most resorts to arms. President Wilson invented for us finer reasons for fighting; but these finer reasons of a people at war are never its real reasons—consider France with its *guerre à la guerre*—and they are soon forgotten. Directly propaganda loses its hold, back we go to the half-conscious purposes of national safety or national aggrandizement that have ruled us for generations.

Nothing short of a great peace at Paris, a peace that meant that the world had experienced what in our familiar American vocabulary of religion we call a "conversion," would have kept us from becoming once more isolationists. The peace actually made, in which everyone sought his self-interest, hurried the process by which we reconsidered our own self-interest and arrived once more at isolation. All that has happened since Paris—the French invasion of the Ruhr, Italy's aggression upon Greece—was implicit in that peace, in the sacred egoism of France and Italy shown at the Conference, and in England's seeking to mediate between the nationalist aims of France and the internationalist aims of Wilson, all the while paying due regard to her own nationalist aims.

The time for "the two English-speaking peoples to have stood loyally together," as A. G. G. says, was at Paris. We Americans might then have thought that half the world had had a "conversion," and it might have been enough. But now it is too late. Incidents like England's insistence on a claim to all the oil of Mesopotamia, based on the shadowy evidence of a single letter from a person unauthorized to make a grant, lie across the path.

A. G. G. is right in saying that "the mind of America is disturbed, perplexed," but he draws the wrong conclusions from our gestures toward Europe. We should like to do something for Europe. We should like to give Europe peace and prosperity, if we could do so, as we gave food to the starving Russians, without impairing our detachment from Europe. We are troubled by the sense of our own impotence in face of a catastrophe. A sense of impotence is hard to bear. Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes' utter guarded words which aim to restore our national composure.

If we cannot restore Europe without sacrificing our national interest, which we conceive to be isolation, let no one suppose that America will act. Europe hears the more vocal part of the United States, the seaboard cities and the intellectuals who have their roots in Europe. They think

we have "duties toward civilization" which the rest of the country does not acknowledge. Also, Europe's newspaper correspondents tell Europe what Europe wants to hear about us. But in the vast interior of the country, which hated the war, if you say, "Europe is going to pieces," people invariably reply calmly, "Well, let it go to pieces." The feeling is that the United States is not responsible. It did not make Europe what it is. It cannot go into Europe without catching the contagion of which Europe may be dying.

If you say civilization is threatened, people recall how we saved civilization from the German menace only to expose it to the French menace. Besides, there is a feeling that if Europe should go, civilization might worry along for a while in the United States. Moreover, there might be something lost to civilization if this country compromised still further its code of international morals by associating too closely with Europe. Something was lost to civilization on this side of the Atlantic—to freedom, to international disinterestedness—when the United States entered the war, and not much was gained for civilization.

Then, too, we are an optimistic people. We believe that the worst never happens. As Europe survived the war, which once seemed impossible, so it is likely, we think, also to survive the peace it made. And if it does not the world will get on somehow, as it did when Greece, Rome, mediæval Italy, Spain, ceased to be centres of power and civilization.

—Yours, &c.,

CLINTON W. GILBERT.

Washington.

September 10th, 1923.

POETRY

DARIUS.

THE poet Phernazes is at work upon an important passage in his epic poem; how the Kingdom of Persia is secured by Darius, son of Hystaspes (from whom is descended our glorious king Mithradates Dionysus Eupator).

The passage is philosophic. He has to describe the feelings that animated Darius: "arrogance" perhaps and "exultation"; or no—more probably a sense of the vanity of human greatness. The poet is meditating deeply on his theme.

Running in, his servant interrupts him, and brings a most serious piece of news. The war with the Romans has begun. Our army in full force has crossed the frontier.

The poet is speechless. What a misfortune! How will our glorious king Mithradates Dionysus Eupator find time to listen to Greek poetry now? In the middle of a war—Greek poetry, indeed!

Phernazes is in despair. Alas, alas! His "Darius" was certain to bring him fame and silence once for all those envious detractors. What a set-back, what a set-back to his plans!

Were it only a set-back, no matter, but shall we be quite safe at Amisus? The city walls are none of the strongest, the Romans are most terrible enemies. Can we hold our own against them, we Cappadocians? Is it likely? Can we make a stand against the legions? Help! Help! O ye Great Gods, protectors of Asia, defend us.

Yet through all his distress and anxiety the poetic obsession still comes and goes; surely "arrogance" and "exultation" are more probable; yes, "arrogance" and "exultation" were the feelings that animated Darius.

C. P. CAVAFY.

(Translated from the Demotic by G. Valassopoulos.)

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE MAN WITH THE NOSE

THANKS to Rostand everyone knows that Cyrano de Bergerac had a nose and fought duels. But, except in these two particulars, the Cyrano of Rostand's notorious play is a legend. The real Cyrano, who was born in 1619, and died at the age of thirty-five either from a piece of timber falling on his head or from a certain disease, is known to very few people, yet he is a far more interesting person, both as a man and a writer, than the legendary and romantic character who was invented in 1897. For anyone who likes a queer, old, satirical book, and who likes the work of a writer with a touch of rare wayward genius in him, I recommend the last volume published in the Broadway Translations, Cyrano de Bergerac's "Voyages to the Moon and Sun," translated by Richard Aldington (Routledge, 7s. 6d.). One cannot be too grateful to Mr. Aldington for resuscitating the real Cyrano or for the way in which he has done it. His introduction and the account which he gives of Cyrano's life and works are admirable; I have not been able to compare his translation with the original, and so I cannot speak as to its accuracy, but I cannot recall a modern translation of an old book which is more successful than this in keeping the spirit of the original and in being at the same time distinguished and finished English prose.

* * *

CYRANO must have been an extraordinary man, and the most remarkable thing about him was that, after living the life of a swashbuckler and soldier, at the age of thirty he wrote the two books which Mr. Aldington has translated. One must begin with his nose, for according to tradition he was afflicted with a monstrously large and ugly nose. It is possible that this nose dominated his life, for there is a passage in the "Voyage to the Moon" which seems to me pathetic. In the Moon Cyrano meets an inhabitant of the Sun who tells him the customs of his country. Among other things he says that in the Sun every child at the age of one year has to be brought before an assembly of experts to have its nose measured, and

"if by this measure it is found too short, the child is reputed a Snub-nose and handed over to the priests, who castrate him. You will perhaps ask the reason of this barbarity and how it happens that we, among whom virginity is a crime, establish continence by force? Learn then that we act in this way from thirty centuries of observation showing that a large nose is a sign over our door that says: 'Here lodges a witty, prudent, courteous, affable, generous and liberal man,' and that a small nose is the sign-post of the opposite vices."

I think that this passage confirms the accounts which tell us that Cyrano was, all his short life, extremely touchy about the size of his nose, and that no less than ten men paid with their lives the penalty of insulting it.

* * *

IN an age when duelling was a mania, Cyrano was the most famous swordsman and duellist of the time. He was a soldier and a guardsman, and by the age of twenty-two had already fought in two campaigns and had been twice severely wounded. Then he retired from the army, studied philosophy and science in Paris, and wrote a tragedy, a comedy, and the two "Voyages." As I said, the two "Voyages" are strange books to come from a reckless duellist and guardsman. They belong to the class of book of which "Gulliver" is the most famous example; indeed, Swift himself borrowed

directly from Cyrano. They describe journeys to fantastic and impossible places mainly with the object of satirizing the world as it is. Cyrano tilts against religion, priests, and intolerance; against kings and princes and governments; against irrationality and shams and the marks of many beasts on human nature which can still be discovered by anyone who has the courage to scratch it. His reputation as a writer and thinker has sunk rather low, and, though Mr. Aldington does something in his introduction to defend it, even he does not do full justice to Cyrano's merits. The general outlook of his books is amazingly open-minded and enlightened; behind the satire and the buffoonery you can see a mind of no mean quality trying fearlessly to see everything exactly as it is and to examine every question on its merits, and that is a rare thing to find either in the seventeenth or in any other century.

* * *

CYRANO, however, must be judged, not as a thinker, but as a writer of satirical and fantastical journeys. After I had read this translation I took down Swift and read about fifty pages of "Gulliver." There is a cold passion in Swift which gives to his book and his style something which reminds me of the quality of the finest tempered steel. There is nothing like this in Cyrano, and you only have to compare the two for a moment to see that, as a work of art, the "Voyages" are on a different level from the "Travels." Yet anywhere below the highest Cyrano must, I think, take a very high place. His satire is keen and sharp, his humour individual; he has the quality, which I think admirable, but which Mr. Aldington apologizes for, of becoming completely grotesque; and every now and again he produces a very piquant literary effect by dressing the bitter herbs of his satire with a romantic sauce of imaginative beauty. The most successful of his semi-satirical, semi-poetical flights is to be found in the incident of the talking trees in "The Voyage to the Sun." His best piece of sustained satire is his trial by the birds on a charge of being a man, which comes in the same book. But the real charm of his curious mind and fantastic humour appears usually in shorter and less ambitious incidents, in casual remarks and asides. For instance, in the Moon Cyrano meets a man who explains to him that the current idea that there is no vacuum in nature is false, "for it would be ridiculous to believe that when a fly agitates a portion of air with its wing this portion drives another before it, this other portion drives another, and that thus the movement of a flea's little toe makes a bump beyond the world." I wish I had space to quote the account of Enoch's recreation in the Moon when he wished to "unbend from his meditations," or of the terrible disease called *Bursting with Wit* which attacks philosophers who "over-exercise their minds." Perhaps the most characteristic of all passages in the two books is that in which the super-vegetarian philosopher explains why it is wrong to cut a cabbage, a discourse which ends with these charming words:—

"Remember then, O proudest of all animals, that although the cabbage says not a word, it thinks none the less. . . . And if you ask me how I know that cabbages have these fine thoughts, I ask you how you know that they do not have them? And how do you know that they do not say at night when they close up, in imitation of you: 'Master Curly-Cabbage, I am your most humble servant, Master Savoy-Cabbage ?'"

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

CARLYLE.

Carlyle till Marriage.—Vol. I., 1795-1826. By DAVID ALEC WILSON. (Kegan Paul. 15s.)

WHAT a weary waste of years it seems to some of us, who still live on to remember Carlyle as he appeared in the flesh, since the day when we first read of his death in Chelsea in the spring of 1881! And what an avalanche of words has been accumulated over his grim tombstone in Ecclefechan since that same day when the spirit of the author of "Sartor Resartus" took its flight to find at last the silence he had so often broken in the vasty Halls of Death!

Carlyle left behind him, in good honest print, the books he had managed (no easy task) "to get written" with his own hand; all of them torn out of his heart-strings; these books, each one his very own, now fill in any collected edition some thirty-four volumes, and are admirably indexed.

These works begin with a Life of Schiller, first published in book-form in 1825 (nearly a hundred years ago), and may be said to end (though here we are outstepping the "thirty-four") with those two intensely autobiographical volumes of "Reminiscences" which are dated 1881.

Is it not time, we are almost forced to ask, that this great old man should find compassion in his grave and be left alone with his Books, which may be trusted to tell the tale to those who still care to hear it—what manner of man this Thomas Carlyle, "Writer of Books," really was?

Of Mr. Froude's part in releasing this lamentable avalanche of words, now enclosed in more than twenty-five separate volumes, there is no need to speak. He, too, has disappeared, leaving behind him nearly thirty volumes which also tell, as is, indeed, the tell-tale habit of books, what manner of man he was.

Froude's "Life of Carlyle," in four volumes (1884), can no longer hold its own against the criticism which has raked it fore and aft. He wrote it in a great hurry, eager to catch his market; and forgetting that in Carlyle's case there was no need to be in any hurry at all, he was content to write a great deal of his biography out of his own head. Froude's Life is, we now see, largely a Romance.

Shortly before the Romance, and a little after the invaluable "Reminiscences" of Carlyle himself, there appeared in 1883 three volumes containing Mrs. Carlyle's letters, annotated and explained by her aged and heart-broken husband; and it was thus upon these nine volumes, published in such unseemly haste, that the greedy reading public swooped, and, in the once familiar language of old Craigenputtock, "opened its wide mouth and began shrieking." Gossips, who had never read a line of "Sartor Resartus" (first published as a book in 1837), scampered to Mudie's in search of a copy, to find out whether "Blumine" was Jane Welsh or Margaret Gordon. As time went on other writers joined in the orgy on one side or the other, until even doctors were invited to break the sacred confidences of their profession and to expose to the vulgar gaze the "secret" of the life of Thomas Carlyle, so as to enable "justice" to be done, at the dinner table, to the "penance" which the husband was supposed to have inflicted upon himself when, in his desolate old age, he gathered together and prepared for posthumous, though not immediate, publication the letters of his invalid wife. One would have to be miraculously endowed with the biting wit of the wife and the savage humour of the husband to express the disgust created by what Mr. Wilson in the book before us describes, with very little exaggeration, as "a carnival of obscenity."

Thirty-six volumes of the genuine "Thomas," simply crammed with his intense individuality, and full to overflowing with autobiography, ought to be enough, without one being asked to find room for thirty more volumes professing to explain what two of the most vitalizing writers who have ever held a pen—namely, Carlyle and his wife—have already made, almost excruciatingly, plain to all decent folk who have learnt the art of reading a book.

Mr. Wilson thinks otherwise, and it would be presumptuous to dispute the matter with him. He has devoted more than thirty years of his own life to prepare himself to write

Carlyle's, which he proposes to do in a series of volumes likely to extend (so he tells) over many years. This volume is the first. A man with a mission must be left alone.

Mr. Wilson is an honest chronicler with a style of his own. Though an enthusiastic admirer of the great Thomas, he is sufficiently at ease on his Mount Zion to poke a little fun at his hero, and quite alive to the absurdity of taking *au sérieux* the outbursts, however pontifically expressed, in which the greatest humourist of the last century was too much inclined to indulge. An Isaiah who makes you shake with laughter has to be handled humorously.

This first volume cannot fail to interest, and so long as it does not induce the young reader to forget that he can find the story of Carlyle's birth and breeding in Annandale, told by himself, in his own unforgettable style, in his own "Reminiscences," all will be well; and though we can hardly hope ourselves to live to see the conclusion of Mr. Wilson's biography of Carlyle, we bestow (though it is hardly worth possessing) our blessing upon the whole undertaking.

One word of warning, we think, we ought to give. In the intensely interesting and almost Richardsonian account which Mr. Wilson gives of Carlyle's prolonged courtship of his wife, during which "acres" of love-letters passed between them, we think we detect a growing dislike to the lady, fostered, perhaps, by the knowledge that Mr. Froude was very fond of her. This is a mistake which Mr. Wilson, if he is wise, will do his best to avoid in future. That Jane Carlyle was a flirt from her cradle upwards, no son of Adam who has read her delightful letters can possibly deny—and why should he wish to do so? Every woman worth her salt is, or has been, a flirt, and Jane Carlyle was to the last as fond of a "beau" as if she had been a character in one of the novels of another Jane. Can it be that Confucius, whose name is constantly on Mr. Wilson's lips, and at the end of his pen, disliked flirts? If so, Confucius was not so wise a man as we are quite willing to believe him to have been. Mr. Wilson's references to the Confucian philosophy that impart a Chinese air to his first volume are amusing enough, but, if the Life is to occupy many more volumes, the biographer would do well to make them fewer and fewer as the work proceeds. We say this at least as much in the interests of Confucius as of Carlyle, who can safely be left through the centuries to take care of himself.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

GEORGE CADBURY.

The Life of George Cadbury. By A. G. GARDINER. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

THE close connection between Protestantism and the rise of modern industry is now generally recognized. The freedom of enterprise which Marshall regarded as the distinguishing characteristic of the industrial world of to-day is largely the outcome of the right of private judgment and the duty of self-discipline on which the great Reformers insisted. In consequence, all the evils associated with modern industry are being freely laid at the doors of the Reformation by those who regard Capitalism as an effete system and Puritanism as a spent force. The thoroughgoing critics of Capitalism and Puritanism will find the life of George Cadbury an annoying enigma. An industrial system so corrupt and an ethical-religious tradition so limited and so dead ought not to be capable of producing such good fruit. But the surprise of Socialists and Catholics is due to their overlooking two facts. One of these facts is admirably stated by G. C. Field in his book on Guild Socialism when he says: "The real feature of the present state of things is that there is no one system of industrial organization, but that there is practically no limit to the different forms which have been and could be tried. . . . The possibilities of development are infinite." George Cadbury explored and realized many of the possibilities. He showed that a business man with the spirit of economic chivalry can initiate and carry through far-reaching social reforms without tarrying for any. The Saturday afternoon half-holiday, higher wages, and shorter hours, the disuse of fines and deductions as a means of discipline, the transference of the factory itself from the town to the country, the care of health, recreation in a variety of

forms, continued education for young workers, and old-age pensions—all these changes George Cadbury introduced in the interests of his employees, and found to be, not merely compatible with, but contributory to a successful business. In doing these things, he threw overboard many middle-class prejudices which pass for axioms in economics and social psychology among business men, and he gave the lead to legislation instead of waiting for its spur.

The second fact which emerges from the life of George Cadbury is that the Puritan-Evangelical tradition has not exhausted itself in a doctrinaire individualism, but is proving capable of a new development. The Puritan tradition was largely concerned with the stewardship of wealth and with discouraging worldly forms of expenditure that might prejudice the character or ultimate fate of the steward himself. The sense of social responsibility was somewhat limited. George Cadbury did not so interpret the religious tradition in which he was brought up. Mr. Gardiner rightly says:—

"The popular idea has been that the elder Cadbury brothers were manufacturers who made immense sums of money by good business methods and afterwards gave it away instead of spending it on themselves. . . . But the root significance of their policy will be entirely missed if we assume that they held that the money could be made anyhow, provided always that it was spent well. The question for George Cadbury was not only that the money should be spent rightly, but that it should be made rightly."

The inspiration of his religion lay behind all he did. He was not a business man first and a philanthropist afterwards. He owed extraordinarily little, apparently, to the literature of social reform, to Ruskin or William Morris, and the rest. He was guided by his own personal knowledge of the working-classes and by his own desire to help them. It had been his ambition to be a doctor—an ambition only relinquished because of the claims of a family business—but this ambition to relieve suffering coloured all his business activity. He took up the housing question because, through his Adult School work, he became aware of the fundamental importance of this question, and because he found that he could not reorganize and reform factory conditions if he could not give his workpeople decent homes. In planning Bournville—perhaps his most noteworthy contribution to social progress—he relied on his own inspiration rather than the suggestions of others. Bournville is, of course, an amazing revelation of his sheer business capacity—his power of seeing into the essentials of a practical problem and his mastery of detail. He could not but be aware of his own powers, and he had the self-reliance which comes from the conscious possession of ability. But the faith and courage, the wisdom, and the patience in the face of abuse and misunderstanding, which marked all his undertakings were not rooted in his self-reliance, but in the fact that he humbled himself to walk with God. His social conscience was quickened, his practical genius disciplined and guided, by a living religious faith. The horror of responsibility which will wreck the hopes of social progress can only be met by the kind of trust in God which made the true Puritan and the true Quaker. Mr. Sidney Webb notes as one of the signs of decay in our civilization the loss of faith in themselves amongst the various governing classes. But the trouble lies deeper. It is loss of faith in God.

If this is true, a special interest attaches to the religious side of Mr. Gardiner's admirable biography, to the work that George Cadbury did for the Society of Friends and for the Free Churches. His support of the National Free Church Council is generally known, and in view of the popular idea that the Free Church Council was organized by George Cadbury and others in order to mobilize the Nonconformist conscience as a political force, it is amusing to discover that George Cadbury nearly left the Council because of its intervention in politics over the Education Act of 1902. He cared for the Council, not as a political agency, but as a means of bringing out the essentials of Christianity through co-operation and understanding between the Churches. He founded Woodbrooke and assisted the colleges associated with it in the hope of both strengthening Quakerism and promoting Christian Reunion. He financed the "Daily News" with the desire of "bringing the ethical teaching of Jesus to bear upon national questions" in an unsectarian spirit. In every enterprise there are evident the generosity and loyalty with which he supported any man whom he trusted and any

cause in which he believed. Journalism is apt to involve compromise, and George Cadbury's purchase of the "Star" drew down on him the censure of the "Spectator." Mr. Strachey has delightfully described himself as a public watchdog, but in this case the watchdog was barking up the wrong tree. In questions of compromise there is usually room for honest differences of opinion, and Mr. Gardiner has no difficulty in showing that the charges of hypocrisy, insincerity, and inconsistency freely levelled at George Cadbury were utterly unwarranted.

Alike in the religious and in the social life of England, George Cadbury initiated movements whose influence is destined to increase. He claimed no finality for what he did. His factory reforms, for example, were a stepping-stone to a yet more satisfying industrial organization. Probably the support he gave to the Labour movement was even greater than one would gather from Mr. Gardiner's pages. He had outgrown the *laissez-faire* Radicalism of John Bright, but he believed with him that social advance could only come through a strong sense of individual responsibility. He was a pioneer opening up new roads to the New Jerusalem, and no one who wishes to understand the realities of social progress during the last generation can afford to neglect this record of his life.

Those who knew George Cadbury will be sure to feel that Mr. Gardiner's sketch of him fails in this particular or in that, but they will be grateful to Mr. Gardiner for the sympathy and fidelity with which he has delineated the character of his friend, and they will rejoice that so true an impression of the strength and simplicity of that character will be conveyed by the book to those who never knew him.

HERBERT G. WOOD.

THE BUSINESS OF THE NAVY.

Descriptive Catalogue of the Pepysian Manuscripts.—Vol. IV., **Admiralty Journal.** Edited by J. R. TANNER, Litt.D. (For the Navy Records Society: Clowes. 30s.)

To few men has fame come in more diverse forms than to Mr. Samuel Pepys, Clerk of the Acts and, later, Secretary of the Admiralty. For over a hundred years he was remembered as "a man of extraordinary knowledge in all that related to the business" of the Navy, "of great talents and the most indefatigable industry." It was not till officials had ceased to ransack his papers for precedents that the labours of Lord Braybrooke revealed him to a wider public as the most amusing of diarists, an epicure in life, with an unrivalled genius for giving himself away.

Within recent years the pendulum has swung back. Thanks to the industry and scholarship of Dr. Tanner and the enterprise of the Navy Records Society in publishing the Descriptive Catalogue of the Pepysian Manuscripts, we can see the man at work and judge for ourselves how well deserved was his original reputation. The latest volume—the "Admiralty Journal"—is the Minute Book of the Navy Commission of 1673-79. For the most part the Minutes are printed in full, only mere routine entries being abstracted, and Dr. Tanner has furnished an admirable introduction.

The interest of the volume is by no means confined to questions of naval technique. It abounds in sidelights on the politics and personalities of the time; but perhaps its most important feature is the light it throws on the state of administrative efficiency in the seventeenth century.

In naval affairs, at least, the history of progress is bound up with the development of Red Tape. If we surpass our ancestors, it is not in genius, or in breadth of ideas, but in ability to deal adequately with the humdrum problems of routine administration. There were great commanders in the days of Pepys; but scamped workmanship, rotten material, bad and insufficient provisions, hampered all their efforts as they had hampered those of the great Elizabethans. It is common to attribute these defects to the corruption bred of Stuart immorality; but corruption in the public services was no new thing. Behind the corruption, and a chief cause of it, lay the twin evils of financial uncertainty and an imperfect administrative machine.

It was not—as a glance through the Journal will show—that the importance of the Navy was ignored. The King himself sat on the Commission, and in view of Charles's well-known dislike of routine business, it is significant that he comes out with a better record for regularity of attendance than any of the Commissioners. Nor was his interest uninstructed. He presses the construction of fourth- and fifth-rate ships "for convoys and cruisers." He discusses the building of ships with upright stems. When it was proposed to reduce the draught of the second and third rates, "his Majesty was pleased to enter largely upon the debate of that matter."

It is clear that the Commissioners took their work very seriously. We know from the Diary that Pepys was "troubled and perplexed to the heart" by the "horrible crowd and lamentable moan" of the starving seamen, and the officials of the Treasury and Navy Board displayed a genuine desire to remedy their grievances. Particularly were they anxious to "prevent the loss to the poor men and their families" involved in discounting pay-tickets which there were no funds to meet. Their efforts, however, were continually frustrated by sheer lack of money. There were no regular, annual estimates, and the funds forthcoming from the King's settled revenue and the grants made from time to time by Parliament proved lamentably insufficient. Further, the Commonwealth, despite such expedients as the sale of forfeited estates, had left the Navy deep in debt, and the funding of debt was not yet invented. It is little wonder that we read of wages one, two, or even three years in arrear, or that stores and provisions were deficient in quantity and abominable in quality. When neither officials nor contractors could rely on regularity of payment, corruption and speculation were inevitable.

There was also much laxity in matters of discipline. Flagrant offences were frequently dealt with by the Commissioners direct; what was lacking, and what made it easy for Court influence to shield offenders, was an adequate code of disciplinary regulations and adequate machinery for their automatic enforcement. Little progress had been made in the creation of a regular establishment, and the level of professional ability and professional spirit was low. Pepys himself drew up the first regulations for volunteers and "midshipmen extraordinary," and was instrumental in introducing an examination for lieutenants, after which, he thanks God, "we have not half the throng of those of the bastard breed pressing for employments which we heretofore used to be troubled with."

Here, as everywhere in the record of Pepys's official career, we get the picture of a man of a clear business head and the soundest business methods, continually hampered and thwarted by the lack of a regular financial system and of adequate departmental organization. Everything he did was well done; but he had to do everything himself. The most trivial matters, such as the claim of a captain's wife to alimony, were referred to him, and he could never feel, as an official of similar rank would feel to-day, that while he was attending to the larger matters of his office, the ordinary routine work would get itself done automatically. Had Samuel Pepys been born two hundred years later, his Diary might have been duller reading; but better use would have been made of his abilities.

FROM DOWNING STREET TO FLEET STREET.

Is It Peace? By the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O.M., M.P. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)

This book is compiled from newspaper articles and lecture-notes, and constitutes a running commentary on the European situation during the past ten months. If it had been published anonymously it would have been easily recognizable as the work of a public speaker. It is full of the cheap rhetoric and word-play which can be uttered by an orator with a strong personality and swallowed without mastication by a popular audience. "While these methods will produce no cash, they will produce an unmistakable crash." "The confusion of tongues is deafening and paralyzing, and no one is quite happy except the spirit of mischief, who is holding his sides with ghoulish laughter. He never had such a time—not since the Tower of Babel.

And this time it may end in a second deluge." Such phrases as these ought not to be served up in cold print. They are indigestible without the *sauce piquante* of the orator's voice and smile. In reading a report of a speech one instinctively makes allowances for these things, and the reporter stimulates the imagination by parentheses. The book might with advantage have been produced in this form: "If he is out for Reparations his policy will inevitably fail in comparison with that he so rashly threw over. (Cheers.) But if he is out for trouble it has been a great success—(laughter)—and in future it will be an even greater triumph for his statesmanship. (Cheers and laughter.) A permanent garrison in the Ruhr has possibilities of mischief which it does not require any special vision to foresee. (Loud cheers.)" It is necessary to have an appreciative audience for stuff of that kind.

One result of reading this book is to increase the reader's respect for the regular journalist. It is easy to smile at the omniscience of the daily leader-writer and to contrast his irresponsibility with the burden carried by the statesman. But when the politician takes to journalism he gives himself away. His judgments seem crude and superficial. He has lived so long in an atmosphere of factious controversy that he cannot express his opinions in any other spirit. The journalist appears statesmanlike by comparison. Mr. Lloyd George himself lays down the law on this matter with his customary vehemence:—

"It is the duty of every patriotic citizen, in view of the difficulties with which the country is confronted, to assist the Government of the day by every means at his disposal. Factious criticism disturbs judgment and tends to unnerve. Governments to-day require full command of mind and nerve to enable them to arrive at sound decisions and to persevere in them. Faction is, therefore, treason to the country."

This is stern doctrine, but how difficult to act upon! Here is a specimen of the tonic with which Mr. Lloyd George sought to steady the nerves of the Government in August last:—

"It may be assumed that the British Government will not intervene effectively. How about the Ministerial declarations? Surely these strong words must be followed by strong action! Those who rely on that inference know nothing of the men who use the words or of the forces upon which they depend for their Ministerial existence. It is true that some weeks ago Mr. Snodgrass took off his coat and proclaimed cryptically, but fearlessly, that unless peace was restored on his terms something would happen. The French Government, unperturbed, replied that they meant to persist in their course. So last week Mr. Snodgrass takes off his waistcoat. But do not be alarmed: there will be no blows: his friends will hold him back. Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle has left for Paris in order to lunch with one of the combatants. Next week he will be followed by Mr. Pickwick, who will call on another, and the week after Mr. Tupman proposes to pay another propitiatory visit. It will be an incalculable advantage to M. Poincaré that they each represent a different and conflicting point of view. The French have accurately taken the measure of the mind and muscle of those who indulge in these spectacular exhibitions of ball-punching in Westminster with cakes and ale at Rambouillet."

This is amusing enough in its way, and would be quite harmless in domestic controversy, but when it is written by an eminent statesman about those who are guiding this country through perils of appalling magnitude, one can only be thankful that the writer no longer exerts real influence in European politics.

Another point which strikes the reader of this book is the shortness of the author's memory. Writing of the Cannes Conference in January, 1922, he says: "The Entente has never been more cordial than it was then—it has never shown more promise of hopeful partnership for the peace of the world." And with reference to the Ruhr invasion he says:—

"I regret to think that Britain is not free from responsibility in the matter. It is true that her representatives disapproved of the enterprise, but not on grounds of right or justice. On the contrary, whilst expressing grave doubt as to the ultimate success of the invasion, they wished the French Government well in the undertaking on which they were about to embark."

There is, unfortunately, an element of truth in this statement, though full justice has never been done to the cogency of the arguments advanced by Mr. Bonar Law in January last. But the amazing thing is that Mr. Lloyd George can completely ignore the extent to which the Government's hands were tied by the recorded utterances of their predecessors in office.

THE NEAR EAST.

The Truth about Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Syria. By J. DE V. LODER. With a Foreword by Lord ROBERT CECIL. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THIS "little book," as the author modestly calls it, certainly fulfils all the purposes which he claims for it in his preface. Without attempting to make an exhaustive survey of what is a very wide field, he has presented the salient facts in the least controversial form, both in his own singularly moderate and balanced narrative of events and in the documents which he has printed at the end of the volume.

Here the reader will find such essential texts as the "Sykes-Picot Agreement" of 1916 (an English translation from the French, as the official English version has never been published); the treaty of October, 1922, between Great Britain and Iraq; the official summary of the draft constitution of Palestine (with subsequent modifications); the part of the San Remo oil agreement of 1920 that relates to Mesopotamia; the texts of the mandates for Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia (printed in parallel columns, which throws the differences between them into relief in an illuminating way); and the British and Turkish arguments regarding the frontier between Iraq and Turkey (printed side by side in the same manner). This collection of documents would be valuable in itself, and in the main part of the book Mr. Loder has given us an excellent commentary upon them.

His narrative begins with the intervention of Turkey in the European War, traces the effect of this upon the development of Arab nationalism, and then follows up the relations of Great Britain and France with the Arabs, and with one another over the disposal of the former Arab provinces of Turkey, through the war, the Peace Conference, and the post-war period down to the present time. New factors, like Zionism and the League of Nations, with its mandatory scheme, are introduced as the story proceeds, and there is a growing differentiation between the fortunes of Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. Mr. Loder pilots his readers safely and easily through these intricate channels—as, indeed, he is well qualified to do, since he has had opportunities of studying Arab affairs from three or four different angles during the period with which he deals.

English readers will be interested to learn more about the French point of view than it has usually been possible to do from the English Press. The French grievances against King Feisal's government in Syria are as fairly stated as Feisal's own dilemma between the ambitions of France, on the one hand, and those of his own extremists, on the other. The criticisms to which the French Government have been subjected, both in the Chamber and the country, on account of the financial burden involved in the administration and defence of Syria, have been noticed in England, but many people will learn for the first time that French policy has also been criticized in France on grounds of principle, because the official interpretation of the mandate has approximated too closely to the colonial type of administration. In discussing the division of the French mandated area into five States, the author does not omit to mention the disinterested motives which may have partly determined this arrangement.

In dealing with Mesopotamia, Mr. Loder throws much light on the difficulties which we have encountered by the sharp distinction which he draws between the grievances of the urban intelligentsia, with their theoretical aspirations towards a national government *à la Franca*, and the grievances of the rest of the population, with their rooted objection to any effective government at all. But the test of his judgment and impartiality is to be looked for in the particular angle at which he holds the balance between the Arab and the Zionist causes in Palestine. It would be difficult for any Zionist to accuse him of unfairness, and among the documents printed in the appendix he finds place for two Jewish points of view. But the practical question for English readers is not to decide between the theoretic merits of the two claimants in Palestine, but to determine exactly to what extent we are pledged to each; whether our pledges are compatible; and, if they are not, which pledge has to override the other. Mr. Loder puts the gist of this question in the following form: Is the mandatory Power's officially declared intention to carry out the Balfour Declaration consistent with its pledge to execute an "A" mandate in Pales-

tine in accordance with the Covenant of the League of Nations? Most readers will be convinced by his summing-up that the answer to this question is in the negative. This does not, of course, solve, but merely introduces, the practical problem; but it is a danger-signal which cannot be neglected, either by students of Near Eastern affairs or by supporters of the League.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

"DEIRDRE."

Deirdre. By JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

"Do many know what is foretold, that Deirdre will be the ruin of the Sons of Usna, and have a little grave by herself, and a story will be told for ever?"

That is Synge the poet; Mr. Stephens's version of the same theme is so opposite that one reads at first protesting. Not but what there are many right ways of retelling a heroic tragedy, so long as the teller has not to be accused of dishing it up. Let us say at once that Mr. Stephens, who in "Deirdre" reproduces one of the most poignant pages of folk-history, would certainly have been liked, as a bard, in the courts of Ireland. He only "dishes" by mishap at times. He has a great grasp of his intricate matter, and a tongue on him that would have stirred sleepy warriors to laughter and left the ladies open-mouthed. If he grow a little garrulous, or moralizing, or sterile us with modernisms, as the tale comes rolling out, a singer with some mead in him would probably have done the like. There are scenes and sketches in this novel, or record, that would have been royally good at all periods, and every figure stands forth, plays up, and speaks out with vivacity. With a few tender pauses, which Deirdre of the Sorrows can claim, the story runs bravely through as though the schoolboy sons of Uisneac were carrying it; ending in a fight in a fortress with six doors—a fight like a folk-dance—that fills eight chapters ("This is endless," remarks the King, at the opening of the last but one), as though for very love of itself it could not cease.

Mr. Stephens, who has always delighted in old women even more dearly than in young queens, makes quite a new thing of Deirdre's "nurse" in Lavarcham, the King's "conversation-woman," his domestic spy, and counsellor. She is delicious. We have Conachur's interview with his heroes, all boasting like cocks in a yard, and the heroes' wives comparing fashions at table, and Deirdre's "sneezing," decrepit old guards; and then, by artful contrast, the shy freshness of the children's scene in the wood, when she finds the hunter-brothers Naoise, Ainnle, and Ardan at their sport. We have the picture of her stealing out by night to those same boys sleeping, making the most, "as a hare does," of every cloud-shadow over the moon:—

"A cloud of such a size meant a shadow of such a duration. This cloud will carry one across the lawn, and when it has passed, the trees yonder will be won and their desired shade. From the south another cloud was coming, bulky as a two-acre field and buoyant as a gossamer. Folded in its gloom the wall could be crossed and the shelter of trees reached before the moon came riding, delicately, in a radiance that was one half silver and one half blue."

We are gravely told that when Naoise the Flower of Ireland, aged nineteen, sweeps away the girl-child who has visited him, making her story and snatching her from the King's lustful arms, that Conachur's "honour was at ease" because of the extreme youth of the group who had defrauded him. We may doubt this, and guess that in the dimmer tale that Mr. Stephens has not written it would be the overpowering fate weighing upon all actors alike that kept Conachur's honour clean.

It is something of this sort, some old, grey pain, a strong gentleness under fate's compulsion, that Deirdre's lovers may miss in the new version. They will find plentiful praise and courtesy, lists of ladies' graces, semi-Oriental terms of worship, "silk of the flock," "shy cluster of delight," which are pretty and probably well translated. But something of her, a whispered something, escapes this art. Only by "music or by allusion, as the poets have always done," says Mr. Stephens himself, could her meeting with the son of Uisneac be shown. Better it should be treated by "allusion" then, just remembered, than capably rehandled in the fashion. It is "a little grave by herself," in a heart-broken song, that we want for Deirdre.

ETHEL SIDGWICK.

NEW NOVELS.

A Son at the Front. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

Rubè. By G. A. BORGESSE. Translated by ISAAC GOLDBERG. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

One of the Guilty. By W. L. GEORGE. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

Rosamund. By LORD GORELL. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

The Garden of God. By H. DE VEE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

MRS. WHARTON'S war-novel, "A Son at the Front," is really a story of those who remained at home. And home here means Paris. The whole thing is shown to us through Campton, the famous American portrait painter, whose only child George, born and bred in France, is the son in question. Campton for many years has been divorced from his wife, who is now married to Anderson Brant, a wealthy banker; but in plotting that George may *not* be sent to the front Campton and the Brants are brought into a temporary alliance. This odd situation is one particularly suited to Mrs. Wharton's talent, and her treatment of it is delicate and true. When the plot succeeds, or seems to succeed, the growing sense of dissatisfaction, and at last of shame, with which Campton watches George's apparent acquiescence in it, is most subtly conveyed. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that the story would have been more dramatic, and certainly more unusual, had George after all proved to be a shirker. But he is very far from that; unknown to his parents, who imagine him in a safe job well out of the fighting area, he has been in the trenches from the beginning, and the curtain descends on Campton turning over some sketches from which he is to model a monument to his dead son. The book, doubtless, suffers from the fact that a good deal of the ground Mrs. Wharton is obliged to cover has become, during the past few years, so very familiar to us; but the writing throughout is graceful and felicitous.

The first half of Signor Borgese's powerful and gloomy novel is also concerned with the war, but never, in the sense that Mrs. Wharton's is, does it become a "war-novel." From the beginning it is a study of a temperament, of one of those neurotic, perverse beings who seem bent on self-destruction. And the sooner that destruction is achieved the better. It is impossible that Filippo Rubè, with his ceaseless introspection and futile repents, should bring anything but unhappiness and disaster both to himself and to those who care for him. At the mercy of impulse, yet incapable of genuine passion; superstitious, yet incapable of faith; with just enough imagination to make him a coward, just enough conscience to make him a liar; without honour, without enthusiasm, what is there left to him but that fatalism which acts as drug upon mind and spirit, making life bearable for a time—but only for a time? And this tortured and antipathetic soul is analyzed with a penetration and a scientific impartiality that could hardly be surpassed. It is a study in suffering, of course, yet it somehow fails to awaken pity—even the half-angry pity we feel for Miss Stella Benson's "poor man." Tragedy cannot be made of such shoddy human material perhaps; at all events, Signor Borgese has not made of Rubè a tragic figure. He is loved by one or two women in the course of the story, but it would be difficult for the most charitable reader not to dislike him, and his death is as insignificant as his life. The book, nevertheless, is a notable achievement. It is unfortunate that this English—or American—version should be so mediocre.

A surprising feature of Mr. George's new novel is that it is melodramatic where one would expect it to be realistic, and realistic where one might expect it to be melodramatic. But from beginning to end it is thoroughly enjoyable. In no other book I can remember has the life of a criminal, of a professional burglar, been treated at once so graphically and with so scrupulous a care to avoid exaggeration. It speaks volumes for Mr. George's humanity that he has been able to make his hero likable, for Prendergast is subject to none of those philanthropic impulses which endear a Raffles or an Arsène Lupin to the sentimental public. He is, I imagine, very near the real thing, and he would have been still nearer had not Mr. George thrust upon him a *grande passion* romantic enough for Hernani or Ruy Blas. Far more convincing are his relations with Martha and Digby. These

are admirably set before us, with insight and sympathy, and here, it seems to me, we have Mr. George at his best. The adventures, too—the burglaries, the captures and escapes—are as exciting as any lover of police novels could wish. But the book is in quite a different class from the ordinary story of crime. It is the best novel by Mr. George I have read.

Very quiet, in comparison, very leisurely and old-fashioned, is Lord Gorell's "Rosamund," the central theme of which is the growth of a misunderstanding between husband and wife. It is the kind of tale one knows must end happily, and some of the minor characters are really amusing. As for Mr. Stacpoole's "Garden of God," it is, quite frankly, a yarn, and a romantic yarn at that. One is a little disappointed when the friendship between Dick and the old sailor Jim, which opens so charmingly, comes to so callous an end; but here are palm-trees and savages, sunlight and blue lagoons, and an island the teeming fertility of which even the Swiss Family Robinson might have envied.

FORREST REID.

MANDEVILLE REDIVIVUS.

The World as Seen by Me. By T. SIMPSON CARSON. (Heath Cranton. 30s.)

THE common charge against Mandeville that he wanted veracity is childish, because in the best sense he was truthful. If erroneous statements have crept into his narrative, can the least disingenuous of travellers be impeached for them? The title of this review is intended as a compliment to Mr. Carson, who possesses just those qualities of open-mindedness, candour, serene detachment, and curiosity that are a lost legacy of the mediæval imagination. For "The World as Seen by Me" is an amazing travel-book, and I, who thought my powers of enjoying modern travel-books were completely atrophied, shall not easily forget what I owe the author. Speaking from experience, I say it is amazing to read a modern, enjoyable book of travels which has not been written by a man of science for scientific purposes, or by the very few writers who can claim a special distinction in this direction. The rest are nearly all such undiluted trash that they have put the dunce's cap on travel literature and exposed the critics or editors, who almost invariably award them a column apiece, either as blunted in their values or the victims of a convention, which is much the same thing.

Mr. Carson has chosen a just and happy title, if a bold one. There is very little of the world he does not see, and there is no mistaking that it is he who is seeing it. A more thoroughly harum-scarum book it would be difficult to find among contemporary publications. He dashes about from India to Arizona, from North Africa to South America, from the Pacific to Egypt, from Japan to Greece, and so to East Africa—globe-trotting in a Hampton Court maze of inconsequence that leaves you quite dizzy. Each place that he visits, whether for years or days, receives the same kind of squirrel-like attention as the world itself—*totus teres atque rotundus*—does. Here he is in Brazil, where he went to see the Morpho butterflies in their native home, which, indeed, is a much better reason than to go there to develop a rubber concession. He drops few observations which disconcert you by their irrelevance, oddness, and jerkiness, but which gradually become curiously illuminating, and fit in with a personality unfettered and original. At first you ponder—I like this English traveller because he keeps English travellers out of my mind. Their ridiculous prejudices (which are not even personal) and pomposities do not get a look in. It seems queer to go to South Africa to study steatopygia as a main reason, but how much more justifiable than to shoot big game, to which type of cowardly brigandage the author devotes so savage an attack that the heart of every decent naturalist should warm to him. Wherever he goes, bits of archaeology, personal adventure, natural history, botany (his own coloured drawings of flowers are real illustrations, not imitations of picture-postcards), ornithology, independent wisdom, engaging speculation, literary analogy and quotation, fished out from this jolly lumber-room of a mind, and individual impressions, come tumbling down his pen in a cascade that makes up in fresh-

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ness and energy for what it lacks in unity and even, formally speaking, coherence. And the correlations he sees! "It is a remarkable fact," he says, "that the famous figure of Satan by the Russian sculptor, Antokioski, resembles in an astounding way the familiar figure of Uncle Sam." A mind of such range, fertility, and nimble apprehensions is bound, as it goes darting from continent to continent, to be sometimes superficial and inaccurate. And one could comfortably fill a page with the truancies of Mr. Carson's facts, zoological and otherwise. Many of them are due to sheer carelessness, as when he speaks of the Palolo as the Balolo worm, and declares that there are bears in North Africa, when he must know that Africa and Australia possess no representatives of the Ursidae—that the Bushmen are in some way allied to or descended from *Pithecanthropus erectus*, and so on. But we are not tramping a nice, macadamized highroad, and who travels with an author through bush and through briar must expect a few scratches. Mr. Carson makes so humane, vivid, and personable a traveller, and one is so nauseated with the other sort, that his faults seem hardly so serious as they are obvious.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

Is it some fear that the world under the guidance of the League of Nations would become too much of an armchair for all, some distasteful recollection of "The Lotos-Eaters," which underlies the anti-League fulminations of various doctrinaires? One would be grateful for an affirmation. The quiet dream of the League's future is beginning to be the privilege of every casual comer; millions, none too remotely aware of the other kind of dream in operation, have been moved towards realization of mankind's possibilities; and in the same moment feverish voices are raised to insist on the hopelessness of the League, to insinuate that it is being used as a screen for our individual ends (of course, fanatical), to ascribe "words, not deeds." With this phenomenon before us, attention may well be drawn to the following articles: "The Fourth Assembly," by Mr. H. Wilson Harris, in the "Contemporary Review"; "The League of Nations Union," by Professor Gilbert Murray, in the "Congregational Quarterly"; and Mr. H. W. Wilson's "Our Changed Conditions of Defence," in the "National Review." Mr. Harris acclaims the attacks on the League as being actually signs of its active growth; Professor Murray simply illuminates the ways of the Union; and Mr. Wilson is not concerned with the matter. However, his remarks on long-range guns and bombing squadrons, as they were, as they may be, are a sound argument for omitting such luxuries and indulging in a federation—even if chargeable with verbosity.

"The facts" are dexterously chronicled by Mr. George Glasgow in the "Contemporary." He shows, without gnashing of teeth, that the League has not become the equal of "one Great Power in league with another Power, great or small." Those to whom France's fear is the beginning of wisdom keep up their ululations in the "English" and "Fortnightly" reviews. The "English Review's" reasons why the Allied armies were fighting are curiously arranged: "to save themselves and their children from death or abject slavery and their women-folk from the foulest outrage." It is not a clear memory of the trenches that there was found an immunity from disease. But the song certainly ran, "We don't want to die."

Meanwhile, what of Germany? If there is anything in the world which to the eyes of the ordinary news-buyer is subfusc, obnubilate, it is the real state of Germany. The "Labour Monthly" visualizes the issue as between Communism and Fascism, which do not assume any very obvious shapes—"when the struggle comes" may be the easiest interpretation. The journal gives the "British, French, and Czech workers" notice that "everything depends" on them. Perhaps they need a view of some of the things implied in "everything." In the "Nineteenth Century," an article on "Russia in Berlin," by Mr. George Soloveytschik, illustrates the whirlpool in which the ancient Europe finds itself. The writer puts the number of Russians who have made them-

selves at home in Berlin as between a quarter and a half of a million. And, queer and tantalizing fact, these Russians have the gold, and their women-folk the dress; still more impressive paradoxical conclusion, "thousands of Germans would be starving if it were not for these Russians." Who can draw morals from such a position? And there remains the question of change of régime in Germany; what would happen then to these immigrants? What other city lies open for the entertainment of five hundred thousand?

In the "Adelphi," Mr. Cyril Falls, the author of the bold and vivid history of the Ulster Division, encourages the writing and the reading of the war-chronicles of units. These books, not much noticed at present by the Press or the general public, can vary greatly in power, according to their compilers' construction of their scope. Some, honest and elaborate compendiums of congratulatory letters and order of battle, are unlikely to interest many beyond those who survive from the days tabulated, and other friends mindful of the especial division, battery, battalion. Others, in more or less degree, represent the realization that they are written not only for the veteran, but for the stranger to the fighting-man's haunts and hauntings; that they are written for this generation, indeed, but also for a nation yet unborn. What a task is his who, as Mr. Falls writes, "has to define the difference between existence in the Salient, round the Loos slag-heaps, and in the Somme chalk"; how shall he phrase these new, foreign, and subtle variations? This, notwithstanding, must be the historian's aim, that the sequence of the shocks of war may itself be awakened in the reader, and he may share the fantastic realities, and discern the spirit of those who were "here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

While Mr. Falls is considering the lesser war-histories in his frank way, the "Adelphi" as a whole, in its brimstone jacket, repeats its somewhat indistinct message. The editor, by his own example, preaches an openness of spirit, a self-measurement: "It seems," he reflects, "that my whole life, up to this moment, has been spent in reaching this moment—a moment with nothing particular to say for itself." And yet, according to the same testament, he has been cooking mushrooms with appreciation in the intervals of revelation. Mr. Arnold Bennett, incidentally, reveals something in the "Adelphi." Attitudinizing over a recent work on Shelley, by M. André Maurois, he presently proclaims: "I count his book as an antidote to Dowden. (Not that I have read Dowden or ever shall, but one has one's notions of Dowden.)" Instinct divine! that can so comprehend Shelley; dull ascertainment, that needs no consultation.

The worshippers of Charles Lamb—not that he would have used the phrase—are supplied with fresh topics in the "Nineteenth Century" and in "Scribner's." Mr. R. W. King, in the former case, concludes his slight but pleasant set of materials relating in the main to H. F. Cary, printing one new letter from Elia among them. "Scribner's" gives us, text and picture, a peep at Lamb's own album; let no Tennysonian approach the pages unwarmed that Lamb used the broad margins of the Laureate's early "Poems" for the recording of anecdotes and other un-Claribel-like diversions. Sir Herbert Warren in the "Nineteenth Century," writing from personal recollections, reprobates the two young men who so lately attempted the portrait of Tennyson; but this ungodly age will not be so easily dissuaded. In the second number of a remarkable literary miscellany, "Humberside," appearing occasionally at Hull, the Professor of English at Aberdeen starts up with a petition against Tennyson, of which we can but say, the ears of Tennysonians hearing it shall tingle.

Once again the editor of the "London Mercury" hails "Hassan"—"the finest stage spectacle on record and the finest of modern plays." The elevation of this competent, whimsical performance into the sublimer air has itself, as a spectacle, its merits. Perhaps the dearth of poetry, at least on the tables of editors, has its share in this apotheosis; yet the descriptive passages by V. Sackville-West in the "London Mercury" have an imperfect charm about them. Elsewhere, also, verse seems out of season, and out of sorts.

Whatever the spirit of the age may do in dethroning or exalting, there are fastnesses yet whither the foot of reform and recantation may not go. In the "Holborn Review," for one instance of this, observe how the Rev. E. E. Fisher, with fine correctness of manner, discusses "Thomas Hardy":

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Novelist of Country Life." While the oncoming adventurers inscribe upon their banners "Thomas Hardy, Poet of the Twentieth Century"—and story has it that Mr. Hardy himself has put his novels away from him as his secondary labours—Mr. Fisher moves untroubled, saying: "Of the novelists of the nineteenth century, none, perhaps, has a juster claim to enduring fame than Thomas Hardy." Of kindred modesty, tinged with an agreeable conviction, is the opening of an article on Miss Kaye-Smith in the "Fortnightly": "The fierce light of publicity seems to beat upon Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith." Agreed. ". . . In common with Mr. Thomas Hardy, she will increasingly find expression in verse." The authority of Miss Jane Quigley must attend this piece of bracketing.

"The 'Hibbert Journal' attains its majority." The official statement so headed reads with a kindly formality belonging to the older journalism. "This ideal [of comprehensiveness], which many predicted would cause the early disappearance of the Journal from the field of periodical literature, has proved a source of strength—a fact to be noted as a sign of the times." The twenty-second volume opens with a certain variety of articles: "Butler as a Moralist," "Human Sacrifice in Old Mexico," and "The Larger Self," are three of them.

In the fluctuant world of periodical literature, twenty-one years is a ripe old age; how much more, then, must we dip the ensign to the "Lancet's" centenary number! A supplement has been issued, containing picturesque particulars of this magazine's long life. Who should be concerned with its foundation, if not the ubiquitous William Cobbett? The reformer urged upon a young doctor named Thomas Wakley, who was in revolt against the conditions of the rank-and-file of medical men, the necessity of founding a journal. On October 5th, 1823, accordingly, the first number of the "Lancet" was published—"and sold by all respectable booksellers in the kingdom." It was a fighting machine which surprisingly survived, and well rewarded Thomas Wakley; a portrait in colour of that unselfish and untiring "ancestor," from a sketch by Edwin Landseer, fittingly helps to mark the hundred years of the "Lancet."

MUSIC

A MORNING IN VENICE.

THE Abbé Lorenzo da Ponte was a man of what might be called irregular habits, but when he had a piece of work to do he could sit down to his table and stay there until it was finished. It had been suggested to him that in undertaking to write three opera-books for three different composers at the same time he had promised more than he could perform. It might be; but any way he would try what he could do. "I shall write at night for Mozart and think I am reading Dante; I shall write in the morning for Martini and think I am reading Petrarch; in the evening Salieri shall be my Tasso." And if the story which he tells is true—though we must make charitable allowances for an old man's memory—he could sit there writing for twelve hours at a stretch, with a bottle of Tokay at his right hand, his inkstand in the middle, and his snuff-box on his left. There was another source of inspiration, the muse in person, in the shape of his landlord's pretty daughter, aged sixteen, who sat in the next room, ready to bring him coffee when he rang. She served him for seven years, gentle, obliging, and, what is the more strange, silent. She would come into the room and sit opposite to him, neither moving nor saying a word, but just smiling and gazing fixedly at him as he wrote the successive scenes of "Don Giovanni."

He must have compared her mentally, one imagines, with the female characters of his opera. She was at the age to play Zerlina, but Zerlina would never have sat there so quietly, or brought in coffee so promptly at the touch of his bell. Zerlina was a very different sort of young woman. No doubt he had known Zerlina—plenty

of Zerlinas—in those old, gay days at Venice, just after he had left the seminary where he was trained for the priesthood. He stops writing for a moment, and drinks a glass of Tokay, as he seeks suggestions for the opera in the distant corners of his memory. A regular little baggage—the only thing for her is a husband who would give her a good beating every now and then. Thanks to the libretto of Bertati's "Convitato di Pietra," Da Ponte has been able to make fair headway with the opening scenes of "Don Giovanni." But plagiarism has its limits—we must really try to think of something new. Zerlina wants a good beating; and Da Ponte's quick and concrete Italian imagination sees Masetto giving it to her. Yes, he has seen it before, somewhere, or if he has not actually seen it, he remembers it so well that he seems to have seen it. Seen it, too, to the accompaniment of music, to a song, and to shouts of laughter. . . .

It had happened in Venice, in 1775, just when he was living there. Down at the furthest end of the Riva degli Schiavoni there is a curious church with a classical façade in red brick. It stands at a right angle to the houses along the quay, so that it faces directly towards the Dogana and the sunset. Its façade is pierced with little windows flanked by green shutters, for over the arch which leads into the nave there is not merely the usual organ-gallery, but a series of rooms where the priests lived who served the church. It is dedicated to San Biagio, and was then, as it is now, the church of the sailors and the workers at the Arsenal close by. One morning in August, 1775, a young lady comes out of the church. She has gone there apparently alone, to Confession and Mass. She turns down the little lane to the right, then left again towards the Rio della Tana; and as she reaches the *fondamenta* or quay of the canal, suddenly a man seizes her and throws her to the ground. Her name is Matilde Cassinini, and her father is a nobleman from Padua, perhaps connected with the Venetian Navy, as she attends the church of San Biagio and lives in its vicinity. The man is a doctor, by name Giuseppe Mussolo. Dr. Mussolo, having knocked Matilde down, proceeds to lift up her petticoats and spank her soundly with his hand upon her bare flesh. A crowd collects, but they do not seem to do much to help the unfortunate lady. In the first place, they are very much afraid of Dr. Mussolo; in the second, they are very much amused at the episode. The Fondamenta della Tana is not an aristocratic neighbourhood. So Dr. Mussolo spans away, and while he spans, he sings. The song which he sings is an apothecary's song, still familiar in Venice to this day:—

"Bati, bati, pesto sodo,
La triaca qua se fa."

Probably it came from some Venetian comic opera. It is the song of an apothecary who is pounding drugs in a mortar to make *triaca*, a mysterious evil-smelling and sticky compound, much used in those days. It has given its name to what we call treacle. There is a comic opera by Goldoni about an apothecary, "Lo Speziale," which was eventually set to music by Haydn; but though Mengone, the apothecary, pounds his drugs on the stage to an appropriate song, it is not the same as this one, but takes a more literary form:—

"Tutto il giorno pista, pista;
Oh che vita amara e triste!
E nel cor
Sento amor,
Che anche lui pistando va . . .
Pista, pista qua e là."

It looks rather as if Goldoni had known the other song and had modelled his own upon it.

Matilde Cassinini, when the doctor had finished his work and his song, wrote to the Council of Ten about it. She protested that she was a young lady of virtuous character, and that the whole trouble had arisen out of some quarrel between the doctor and her brothers. Reading her petition to the Council, I am tempted to think that what annoyed Matilde even more than being spanked was the ridiculous situation in which she had



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been placed. In fact, the Abbé Anzolo Barbaro wrote a comic madrigal about it, in which he says:—

" Quel no xe un Dottor, ma bensi un Aseno,
Un violento, un gran matto,
Un degeno di San Servolo."

The island of San Servolo is still the site of the lunatic asylum. The rest of the poem is hardly printable here. As the Abbé Barbaro was in the habit of consoling himself for the discomforts of his deafness and other still more painful infirmities by writing satirical sonnets and madrigals on every possible occasion, no doubt the sad story of Matilde Cassinini went all over Venice. One would have expected the above-mentioned brothers of the lady to have taken some action; but it is certainly to her credit that she invoked the law rather than private justice. Dr. Mussolo was banished on pain of death. He fled to Constantinople, practised medicine there with great success, was pardoned twelve years later and came back to Venice as a man of great wealth.

Da Ponte, if he was in Venice in 1775, could not fail to have heard the story. It was the sort of story, I imagine, that would have amused him and have stuck in his head. He looks up from his reverie, takes a pinch of snuff, looks rather oddly at his mouse-like Muse, who cannot understand what he is thinking of, picks up his quill and writes:—

" Batti, batti, o bel Mussolo. . . ."

Queer words for the beginning of an operatic aria, remarks Mozart when he comes to set them to music. Da Ponte tells him the story. I wish Dr. Mussolo were here to tackle that stupid girl who sings Zerlina, he says one day at a rehearsal. At any rate, Mozart, if he did not beat the lady *sulle parti d'erteane*, as the document presented to the Council of Ten phrased it, pinched her. . . .

EDWARD J. DENT.

ART

MODERN FRENCH PAINTINGS AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

DURING the last year or two London has been given opportunities of seeing some of the finest products of French nineteenth-century painting. The present exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, though less ambitious in scope than some of the others have been, and containing perhaps few masterpieces, is nevertheless extremely interesting in that it illustrates clearly the development in French painting from the early nineteenth century to the present day. The forty-eight pictures shown represent some thirty different artists, and range from the romantic landscape painters of the 'thirties and 'forties through the impressionists to the moderns, such as Matisse and Marchand. This exhibition concerns itself largely with the less great figures of the period, and therefore as a purely representative selection is somewhat uneven, since some of the more important masters are entirely lacking, notably Cézanne and Manet, and Monet, for instance, is represented by one very dull landscape, which one feels is merely an unsuccessful experiment ("Prairie à Giverny," No. 35).

There are three Corot landscapes. Two of them are good examples of his characteristically charming manner, the third ("Rochers à Civitella," No. 8) is more unexpected. It is a sketch of a mass of rocks against a blue sky; as a composition in itself it seems somehow incomplete, but it is painted with an extreme delicacy and a great beauty of colour. One feels it was made rather as an observation of a particular natural effect than as a designed picture. The "Fête Champêtre" of Monticelli is rather uninteresting, like much of the work of that very competent painter, but it is not nearly as dull as any of the three Harpignies landscapes, with their unpleasing finish and complete lack of feeling. It is impossible not to compare Daumier's "Les deux Avocats" (No. 14) with Forain's picture of a similar

subject, "La Preuve" (No. 19). They are both brilliant studies, caricatures even, but while the former is really a work of art, the latter is merely sensational and melodramatic. This same theatrical quality is also apparent, though in a much less degree, in the lighting and the rather specious brilliance of Forain's other picture, "Dans l'Atelier" (No. 20). Perhaps the most charming picture of the whole exhibition is Renoir's "La Couseuse" (No. 42): it is quite small, but exquisite in design and in the treatment of its subtle range of subdued blues and greens. There is also a Renoir landscape (No. 41), which is good, but not so satisfactory as the "Couseuse." The Gauguin portrait, "L'Arlesienne" (No. 22), is chiefly interesting for its background, for which a still life by Cézanne, given by him to Gauguin, is utilized: the artist seems to have been preoccupied with this background, with the result that the figure of the woman, beautifully painted though the head is, does not stand out as the central point of the picture, and the background attracts the eye much more than it should, destroying both balance and unity. In contrast to this is the beautiful Degas pastel, "Après le bain" (No. 15): here the background (which is of a totally different sort, consisting of large varied masses of colour and not derived from any definite object) is a part of the design just as essential as the woman's figure. (It seems, by the way, rather hard on Degas's pupil, Mary Cassatt, to have placed her "Caresse Maternelle" next to this magnificent work of her master, where it scarcely has a chance of being properly seen.) There is a very fine large landscape by Sisley, "Le Pont de Moret" (No. 44), which is undoubtedly one of his best works: it is ample in design and rich in colour. Of more recent paintings there are a fine Still Life by Friesz, a portrait by Marchand, "Femme au pèlerin bleu" (No. 28), and three landscapes by Matisse. One of the latter, "Villa Bleue, Nice" (No. 31), is particularly beautiful, and its colour is delicious; the larger landscape, "L'Etang de Trivaux," though inclined to be too much a wall decoration, is yet redeemed by the sense of space it conveys. The Marchand portrait shows a fine directness of vision, combined with a disregard of mere attractiveness and a strong sense of design.

Of the sculpture, of which there are some eight pieces, by Rodin, Frémiet, Maillol, Barye, and Gaudier-Brzeska, by far the most interesting is the "Tête de Jeune Fille" of Maillol (No. 51), which, though charming, is neither a very typical nor a very good example of his work.

ANGUS DAVIDSON.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Oct.

- Sun. 7. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Theology of Earthquakes," Mr. John M. Robertson.
Indian Students' Union (112, Gower St.), 5.—"Barrie as Playwright and Psychologist," Dr. Crichton Miller.
- Mon. 8. University College, 5.—"The Philosophy of Bernard Bosanquet," Prof. G. Dawes Hicks.
University College, 5.—"The Application of Phonetics to the Languages of the British Empire," Prof. Daniel Jones.
- King's College, 5.30.—"Portugal, Brazil, and Great Britain," Prof. Edgar Prestage.
King's College, 5.30.—"President Masaryk and Czech Philosophy," Dr. O. Vocadlo.
- Tues. 9. Royal Asiatic Society, 4.30.—"Recent Excavations in Babylonia and their Bearing on History," Dr. H. R. Hall.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Foreign Policy of Italy, 1871-1914," Lecture I., Prof. G. Salvemini.
King's College, 5.30.—"Russia before Peter the Great," Lecture I., Sir Bernard Pares.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Hegelian Philosophy and the Economics of Karl Marx," Lecture I., Prof. H. Wildon Carr.
- Wed. 10. University College, 5.—"The Sociological Work of Dr. W. H. R. Rivers," Mr. Morris Ginsberg.
University College, 5.30.—"The Library and the School," Dr. E. A. Baker.
University College, 7.—"The Heating Equipment of a Small House," Mr. A. H. Barker.

- Thurs. 11. London School of Economics, 5.—"Wages Theory and the Minimum Wage," Prof. H. Clay. University College, 5.15.—"The New Babylonian Creation and Flood Stories," Lecture II., Dr. T. G. Pinches. King's College, 5.30.—"The Mediæval Tradition in relation to the Unity of Europe," Dr. A. J. Carlyle. King's College, 5.30.—"Emperor Worship and the State Religion in the Roman Empire," Dr. Ernest Barker. King's College, 5.30.—"Byzantine, Near Eastern, and Modern Greek History," Lecture I., Prof. A. J. Toynbee. King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Russian Literature," Lecture II., Prince D. S. Mirsky. London School of Economics, 6.—"The Dominions at the Peace Conference," Mr. Clement Jones. Fri. 12. King's College, 5.30.—"Austria-Hungary, 1526-1867," Lecture II., Prof. R. W. Seton-Watson.

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- BRITISH INDUSTRIES. The Federation of British Industries (Studies in Labour and Capital, V.). Prepared by the Labour Research Department. Labour Publishing Co., 2/6. *FRY (C. B.). Key-Book of the League of Nations. With a Chapter on the Disarmament Question by Prince Ranjitsinhji. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6. *GEORGE (David Lloyd). Is It Peace? Hodder & Stoughton, 10/6. HARDEN (Maxmillian). Deutschland: Frankreich: England. Berlin, Erich Reiss. *SNOWDEN (Philip). If Labour Rules. Labour Publishing Co., 1/-.

SCIENCE.

- *COLLINS (A. Frederick). Everybody's Wireless Book. Diags. Collins, 10/-. *HUXLEY (Julian). Essays of a Biologist. Chatto & Windus, 7/6.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- *PITT (Frances). Shetland Pirates and Other Wild Life Studies. 29 ll. Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d. *THOMSON (J. Arthur). The Biology of Birds. II. Sidgwick & Jackson, 16/-. "YEL." The Memories of a Happy Dog. II. Bell, 3/6.

MEDICAL.

- BELL (ROBERT). The Conquest of Cancer: Golden Shafts from the Glowing Orb of Truth. Bell, 3/6. FRUMUSAN (Dr. Jean). Rejuvenation: the Duty, the Possibility, and the Means of Regaining Youth. Tr. by Elaine A. Wood. Bale, 7/6. GEHRING (John George). The Hope of the Variant. Scribner, 10/6.

USEFUL ARTS.

- ADSHEAD (S. D.). Town-Planning and Town Development. Methuen, 10/-. BONE (David W.). The Lookoutman. II. by H. Hudson Rodmell. Cape, 7s. 6d. WEBB-JOHNSON (Cecil). Good Health and Long Life, and How to Attain Them. Methuen, 3s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

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MUSIC.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

THE LIMITATION OF THE CURRENCY NOTE ISSUE—THE URGENT NEED FOR REVISION.

SINCE the slump in 1920, the provisions regulating the currency note issue (as distinct from other elements in the policy of deflation) have not directly affected the course of trade. Comparatively little attention has accordingly been paid to them. As soon as the year 1924 arrives, they will acquire a considerably heightened practical importance; indeed, unless they are modified, they may be enough to nip a trade revival in the bud. It is important that attention should be concentrated on the matter while the present calendar year has still some months to run, and it may be well, therefore, to set out fully the exact technical position.

The currency note issue is at present governed by the terms of a Treasury Minute, dated December 15th, 1919, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes, and "My Lords concur," that the Bank of England should be restricted "from issuing in the calendar year commencing January 1st in any year henceforward notes in excess of the actual maximum fiduciary circulation of the preceding twelve months." Thus the maximum circulation actually reached in any year becomes the maximum permissible in the year following. We are at present subject to the maximum reached during 1922; with the New Year, the limit will automatically fall to the maximum reached in 1923.

During 1921 prices and wages were falling rapidly; the demand for currency accordingly fell off, and the circulation declined steadily throughout the year. When 1922 was reached, the circulation was, therefore, about £41 millions less than it had been at the beginning of 1921; and this provided an adequate margin for any currency expansion during 1922 that might have been required to sustain an increased volume of production in the event of a trade revival. In fact the depression continued throughout the year, and a further material reduction in currency circulation took place, though not so large a one as before. At the beginning of 1923 the circulation was £25 millions lower than at the beginning of 1922. The margin available for currency expansion this year has thus been smaller than it was in 1922; and the "Economist" has more than once expressed doubts as to whether it would be adequate to sustain a real trade revival at the present price-level. But the margin available has at any rate been considerable. Next year the position will be far more serious, for during the present year prices and wages, speaking broadly, have ceased to fall; a slight increase in production has taken place; and the currency note circulation has—apart from the regular seasonal variations—remained at a fairly constant level throughout the year. We are thus likely to enter upon 1924 with a currency circulation very nearly as high as that of January, 1923, by which the maximum circulation permissible will be determined.

There are, however, two elements in the situation which provide a certain degree of elasticity. The first of these arises from the seasonal variations in the demand for currency, of which the most important is the big demand at Christmas time. The currency circulation is normally considerably higher in the last fortnight of December and the first week of January than in the remainder of the year. While, therefore, the circulation in the first week of the New Year is likely to approximate very closely to the legal maximum, it will fall away in the following weeks, and an appreciable margin will become available to meet the needs of expanding trade. Should this margin in fact be absorbed, the banks can then meet the big seasonal demands which will arise at Easter, in August, and at Christmas, as they used to do before the war, by allowing their cash reserves to fall temporarily to a low level.

But while this consideration undoubtedly serves to ease the situation somewhat, it is apt perhaps to obscure the extent to which the margin available for expansion will have shrunk next year as compared with this. In

the first week of January last the currency note issue was £295 millions, a figure swollen by the usual seasonal demands; it is now (at the end of September) only £283 millions: a difference of £12 millions. This may be taken as a fair measure of the margin likely to be available next year (unless trade revives in the meantime), provided the banks are prepared to meet seasonal demands wholly by the depletion of their cash reserves. But it is not enough to compare this margin with the margin of £25 millions with which we *commenced* the present year, when the seasonal demand affected both the permissible maximum and the actual circulation, and when the real potentiality of expansion was thus greater than it seemed. An idea of the true position can be obtained from the following table, showing for recent years the position at the end of September and the movement around Christmas.

	Currency Notes and Certificates Outstanding.			
	In £ millions.			
	1920-21	1921-22	1922-23	1923-24
End of September	356	314	299	283
Dec.—1st week	354	313	291	—
" 2nd week	359	318	292	—
" 3rd week	368	324	299	—
" 4th week	368	326	301	—
Jan.—1st week	361	320	295	—
" 2nd week	354	313	290	—

Thus while in 1921 the September figure was £47 millions below that of January, and was £31 millions below it in 1922, in the present year the corresponding difference is only £12 millions. That this margin will not be enough for a return to full production and employment at the present level of prices is virtually certain.

There remains, however, a further loophole for expansion. The limitation of the currency note issue applies not to the total but to the *fiduciary* circulation. It is always possible to issue further notes, provided they are covered by gold or Bank of England notes transferred for the purpose to the Currency Notes Account. Recourse was had to this device during 1920, before the process of inflation was finally stayed; indeed, at the time this loophole was indispensable, for, until credit was restricted, it was impossible to refuse to supply the public with the notes they had a right to demand. But the precedent is not auspicious. For the expansion of the note issue by this means was the signal for a very drastic curtailment of credit designed to bring the process to an end. Nor was this sequel an accidental one. The transference of gold and Bank of England notes from the banking department of the Bank of England weakens the cash position of that institution, and leads to dearer money as the natural reaction on ordinary banking principles. So limited, indeed, did the elasticity of this method prove in 1920, that in July it became necessary, in order to meet the public demand for notes, to adopt the much more dubious artifice of declaring that some £6 millions of notes which had been "called in but not yet cancelled" did not form part of the actual circulation. In practice the possibility of expanding the note issue by increasing the amount of cover is likely to ease the situation in the following ways only:—(1) it will facilitate the meeting of the regular seasonal demands for currency; (2) it will permit the circulation to *reach* the maximum figure of January, 1923, before credit is restricted; it will obviate the necessity of preventive measures *in advance*.

The Prime Minister has declared that further deflation is not the policy of this Government; but this declaration will help us little unless the Treasury Minute of December, 1919, is revised. The policy of that Minute and of the Cunliffe Report on which it is expressly based is avowedly one of *progressive* deflation. It is high time that the official operative policy were brought into relation to the excellent intentions of Ministers.

H. D. H.

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